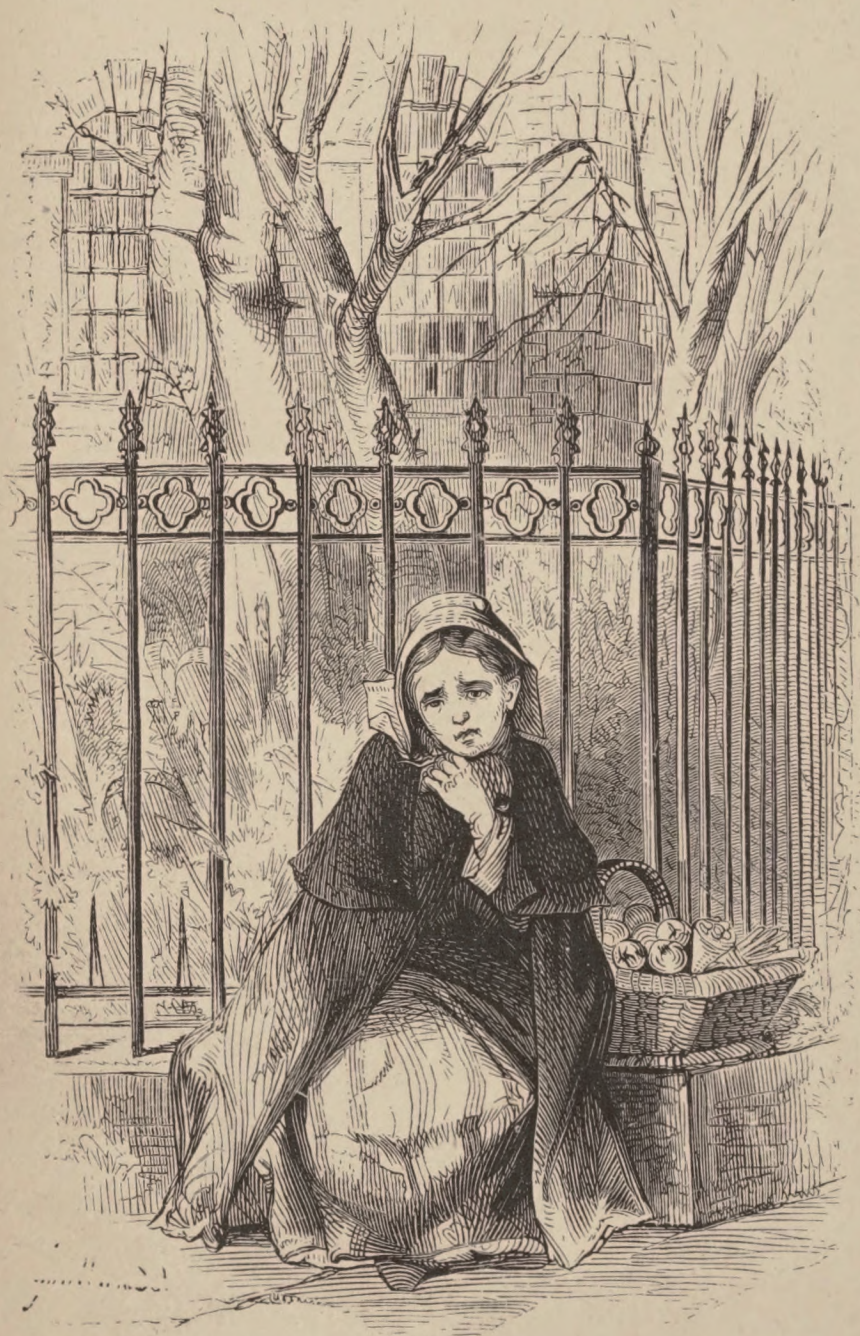
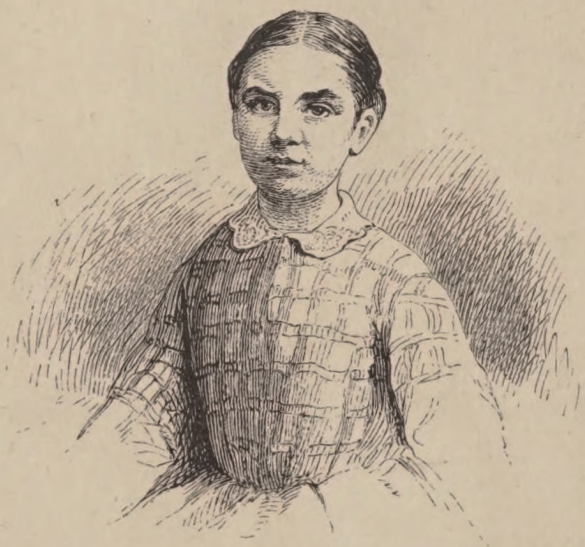
Frontispiece.



She was sitting beside the railing of the fence of the Brick Church, on the corner of Park Row and Beekman Street. p. 12.

THE CANDY GIRL.



MARIA CHEESEMAN,

From a Daguerreotype, taken the day she sailed for England.

Maria Lyscum;

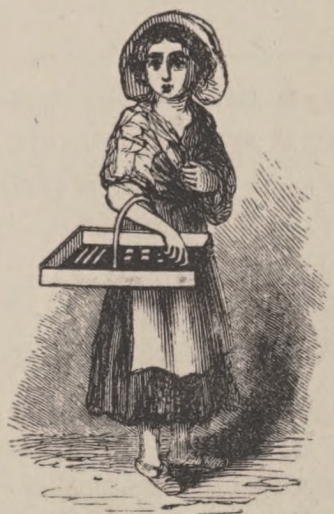
OR

THE CANDY-GIRL.

Maria Cheeseman;

OR,

THE CANDY-GIRL.



WITH A PREFACE,

BY REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

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PREFACE.

THE luxuries, temptations, and crimes of great cities are so obvious as to have become proverbial; so that, perhaps, we are in danger of overlooking God's work in the same. If Rome was, according to a famous saying, a "sink of iniquity," and Corinth was but another name for a home of voluptuousness, these same points were nevertheless radiating centres of the gospel.

The newspapers, catering for a depraved hankering after the details of flagitious deeds, keep the country duly informed of all the ignorance, superstition, drunkenness, mendicity, starvation, theft, violence, and destruction of the town, till, perhaps, the country is ready to forget that Christ has a people, and that the

Holy Spirit is doing wonders of grace within these same limits.

The truth is, wherever God's people are found adjacent to masses of evil, they are seen to operate mightily on these masses. When the enemy comes in most like a flood, the Lord lifts a standard most on high. The more iniquity becomes rampant, the more does holy love contend against it. Such should seem to be the order of divine administration, in all cases short of utter rejection, or those in which the Lord sends Lot out of the Sodom which no longer contains its ten righteous. Hence, the diligence, the skill, the self-denial, and the liberality of true Christians in cities and great towns have been remarkable in every age. For the exercise of these graces there is, alas! too much requisition; and the utmost endeavours of an army of earnest workers cannot as yet counterwork the busy sons of Belial.

It is a most cheering consideration that there is no evangelical church in our cities and great

towns which does not comprise a goodly number of beneficent persons, who spend a portion of their time in works of mercy; in visiting the fatherless and the widows, and what the Bible calls *strangers*—that is, foreigners; in relieving the sick, the aged, and the prisoner; in gathering and teaching the ignorant; in dispensing good books; and in kindred endeavours to glorify God by lessening sin and woe. There are not a few city disciples who devote their whole available time to such labours.

Public attention has, for a few years, been specially directed to the vagrant youth of our streets. From among these, many have already been rescued and placed in the way of improvement, under kind and religious guardians. The pages which follow relate such a case, not in the shape of ingenious fiction, but in the unvarnished record of literal truth.

The name of MARIA CHEESEMAN has for a number of months been familiar to the church which I serve; and many of our brethren have been witnesses of the events to be related in

the following pages, and have traced them, step by step, to the happy conclusion. Although the names of the good Samaritans who found this suffering one by the wayside are covered in the narrative by a slight veil, they will be recognised by hundreds of readers, and will thus add authority to the evidence. The story, as it now appears, was prepared by a gentleman of the bar, who is at the same time a valued member of the church under my pastoral care. The text of the publication will itself evince the diligence and Christian love with which he has performed his task; it only remains for us who stood by and beheld the providential development to attest the truth of the narrative.

If the very remarkable series of incidents here set forth should secure as warm an interest in the reading public as it has already awakened in those who have seen and heard it, the result will be important in several respects. The marvellous ways of the God of providence will seem manifestly the same in our modern

time as in the days of old; and thoughtful believers will remember the youth of Joseph and of Daniel. The blessed work of Sunday-schools will shine more brightly in the eyes of the church. In particular, the "merciful man" will be led to go out into the thoroughfares with fresh hope of snatching children and youth from the destruction which this moment threatens tens of thousands.

In conclusion, it must be permitted me to say, that if there are in the church on earth any servants of God who deserve our affectionate respect, our intercessory prayers, our aid, and our imitation, it is those who, as Sunday-school teachers, missionaries, and visitors, address themselves to the unpaid, wearisome, and, in certain respects, disgusting and thankless work of daily converse with ignorance, pauperism, and vice. Go on, honoured and beloved brethren and sisters in Christ! Be not weary in well-doing! Walk thus in the Master's steps!

J. W. A.

MARIA CHEESEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

THE first day of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four was Sunday. It was clear and cold—one of the coldest days of that year. The streets of the city were almost deserted, and the few that were about were well guarded against the biting frost. Here and there a "newsboy" was seen braving the keen air and crying his papers, while his teeth chattered, and every gust of wind seemed to pass through and through him. Here and there, too, a shivering woman or a half-frozen child might be seen at the corners, with apples and candy to sell. But with these exceptions, the current of life, flowing back and forth through the streets of the great metropolis, seemed for the time congealed.

On the morning of this day, a girl, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age, was seen sitting beside the railing of the fence of the brick church on the corner of Park Row and Beekman Street. She wore an old patched cloak over a soiled dress, and a thin, common calico sun-bonnet. She had by her side a basket filled with apples and candy.

She was shivering with cold. She had a full face, made ruddy and rough by exposure to the piercing wind; and though she had a sad, suffering look, one could not fail to see patience and truthfulness in her countenance. She had light hair, decently combed, and the expression of her mild blue eye indicated an unusual degree of gentleness and delicacy.

On that Sunday morning, as Mr. C——, one of the secretaries of the American Sunday-school Union for the district of New York, was passing the place, he noticed this little girl with her basket. "Surely," thought he, "some stern necessity must have driven her out in this severe weather;" and he stopped and spoke to her.

"Where do you live, little girl?"

"At No. 345 Pearl Street, in the third story."

"And why do you sell candy and apples on Sunday?"

"I can't help it, sir."

"Do your parents allow you to break the Sabbath?"

"I have no parents: they are both dead."

"Whom do you live with?"

"I live with Miss Dougherty."

There was an air of good-breeding about the child, and a frankness in answering, that enlisted the friend's attention, and her sufferings from the intense cold at once awakened his sympathies.

He proceeded to question her further.

"Why do you live with Miss Dougherty?"

"Oh! I belong to her. She takes care of me."

"How long ago did your father and mother die?"

"My father died in England before we came to this country, and my mother died here, after we came over; and my step-father gave me to old Miss Dougherty."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got a Bible?"

"No, sir. I used to have one, but I haven't any now."

He at once went to his room in the rear of the Brick Church, brought out a New Testament, and opened it, and asked her to read; and found she could read quite well.

"Would you like to go to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, sir; but Miss Dougherty won't let me. She makes me sell apples and candy every Sunday."

"Perhaps I will come and see you. Where did you say you live?"

"At 345 Pearl Street, in the upper story."

"Will you keep this Testament and read it, if I will give it to you?"

"Yes, sir, I will."

He gave the Testament to the child, and went about his official duties. Passing round through the Park and on the side-walks opposite to the church, she continued to sell her apples and candy during the whole of this severe day, until dark. She watched the people, and saw other children, with their parents, going to the house of God. She heard faint sounds of music as

the assembly of God's people sung his praises, and all these things awakened sad memories in her heart, for she too had been taught to frequent the house of God.

It was on this same New year's day that a new mission Sunday-school had been opened at 143 Reade Street, in a little room about twenty-five feet wide. A Sunday-school connected with a church in the upper part of the city had established this school and paid all its expenses. They employed a missionary to conduct it on Sunday, and during the week to visit the poor in the vicinity, going from house to house, acquiring their confidence; to pray with them, persuading them to send their children to the Sunday-school; to distribute tracts and Bibles; to minister to the sick and dying, and to provide homes in the country for the orphans, the neglected, and the forsaken.

This mission-school was opened in one of the many dreary moral wastes in the city of New York where there is no Sabbath, no church, and no Sunday-school; where scarcely a Bible can be found in any habitation; where the houses are crowded with emigrants; where the streets swarm with mise-

rable, ragged, half-civilized children; and where the haunts of sin and shame are seen on every side.

The Sunday-school that had undertaken this missionary work, and the church with which it was connected, were once situated near the place where the new mission-school was organized. For, as most of our readers are aware, the business portions of the great metropolis have gradually extended until they have embraced large sections that were, a little while ago, occupied with dwelling-houses. The inhabitants being thus driven away by the advance of commercial enterprise, sought residences in the remote portions of the city, and there provided themselves with houses of worship. Of course, those who did not remove were, in many cases, left without their accustomed church privileges. The edifice in which the gospel had been preached being removed, and the site occupied by some magnificent hotel or block of stores, no monument remained to indicate the spot where once the gospel of Christ had been preached, and where once stood a temple dedicated to his worship.

It need not be said that by thus withdrawing the means of grace from the midst of those who most needed them, the kingdom of darkness gained quite as much as the kingdom of Christ. The people of God were taking great care of themselves, but the servants of the world and sin were left to wander and perish. The Sunday-school connected with the church in its new location resolved to raise one solitary banner of the cross to mark the spot which once they had possessed in the name of the Lord. They believed in the command, "Go preach," as well as "Come, hearken."

Upon this, the first Sunday in the year, the first humble effort of this mission-school was made. Mr. C——, the missionary, was present in the morning. Fourteen or fifteen scholars came, but no seats could be provided. In the afternoon they came again, each received a tract and a few words of counsel, and then they were dismissed with promises of better accommodations the next Sunday. The person who had met the little candy-girl on the street in the morning, came to this school in the afternoon to witness the first experiment. As he sat by the

fire with the missionary, Mr. C——, after the scholars had gone, he spoke about the little girl he had met in the morning, and about the probability of finding her. He could not forget her sad, suffering countenance.

It was now nearly dark. "Do you think we can find her? Had we better try it to-night?" were ventured questions.

The missionary was a man of work. He said—

"I think we can find her. We can try it, at least;" and so they concluded to go in search of the girl.

It was a freezing night. She lived away more than a mile from them. As they hurried on through the forsaken streets, pinched with the cold, they beguiled the time in a dialogue like the following:

"Well, it would be too bad if, after all this, the little thing should deceive us!"

"Yes; I should not like to be imposed on such a cold night as this."

"But she seemed like an honest, well-bred child; and we must not take it for granted that all these poor, hard-working children are impostors."

When they reached the place, they concluded they had come on a fool's errand. The house was a high one, and looked like some large factory. There were no lights in it, and it seemed deserted. One of them looked up to the house, and said—

"Well, she does not live here. I think we had better go home."

"But," said the other, "don't let us give up, now we have got here; let us go up stairs and look."

They entered the dark side-hall, and groped their way up three flights of dirty, rickety stairs to the garret of the house, and there, some one in the entry said, lived Mrs. Dougherty, on the opposite side of the hall. They knocked at the door, and a sharp female voice, in a very unwelcome tone, said, "Come in."

They went in. It was growing dark, and Maria had just come in from the street, and was trying to light a fire. The fire afforded just light enough to show a forlorn-looking room, under the roof, with one window, and one bed. Maria's basket, and the Testament which had been given her in the morning, were on the table, a heap of kindling-wood

lay beside a little stove, and a few old chairs comprised all the furniture and comforts of this miserable apartment. Maria seemed very much astonished to see them. The woman was quite softened in her manners when she saw two respectable-looking men in her room, and received them with much apparent good-will. She asked them to take seats. She was a woman of small stature, perhaps fifty years of age, spare frame, thin, sharp features, with a hard, severe expression. She seemed feeble in health, and appeared as if sickness and disappointment had soured her temper.

Mr. C—— told her he had met Maria in the morning selling apples and candy, and he was sorry to see her breaking the Sabbath,—that it was hard to compel such a child to go out and labour all day on Sunday.

She said she knew it was bad, but she was obliged to do it,—that she had nothing to buy food even that day until Maria came home with her money.

This was a hard argument to answer.

They then told her she ought to put her to some other occupation, or into some

good family. No; she would not do that. Maria must work for her, or she would have nothing to live on. She said Maria was not as badly off as many other girls,—that she had done a great deal for Maria, and now she must work for her. Mr. C—— proposed that she should go and live in his family. The old woman would not hear a word of it, and said, "She would not let her go to live with the president."

"But you certainly must not send her out on Sunday. Suppose you let her go to the Sunday-school? We have just got a new one started in Reade Street, and we want all the children we can get."

"No, sir; I can't let her go: I am too poor. I cannot get any thing to eat on Sunday until Maria comes in; and you would not let a poor creature, like me, starve to death, would you?"

"But don't you know it is very wrong to make a child, like her, break the Sabbath?"

"Yes, I know it is; but I don't think it is so very wrong for poor folks to work Sunday, who can't live without."

They then asked the old woman if they might pray with her, and she consented.

They kneeled in prayer in that miserable garret, and in that prayer they commended this little child to the care of God, and asked that he would save her from sin and wretchedness, and lead her in paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

How that prayer in this upper room was answered, the sequel of the child's history will show.

From that hour, light began to shine on her pathway. The next New Year's day did not dawn on her through the window of that miserable garret. It did not behold her toiling painfully, hopelessly, through cold and snow, in the streets of New York, for her daily bread,—a slave to the will of another.

Before leaving the old woman, these visitors asked how much Maria earned on Sunday. She said four or five shillings. They then promised to give her fifty cents, if she would allow Maria to come to the Sunday-school the next Sabbath. She finally consented to this arrangement.

They spoke a few kind words to Maria, told her exactly where the school was, and that she must certainly come; and, paying the fifty cents, they left her. The old wo-

man professed great seriousness and regard for religion, and was profuse in her benedictions; and they felt their way down the dark stairway to the street.

Thus began, and thus ended, this New Year's day to the little subject of our story. Its dawn brought no ray of joy to her as it did to thousands of children in the great city; but its close left a beam of hope, which was like sunlight in her soul. She had found a friend. Kind words, for the first time in many years, had been spoken to her.

These gentlemen made their way home, feeling that they had performed a duty in visiting the fatherless, and hoping they had found one scholar for the new mission-school. This was all they knew; but they had, in truth, set in motion a train of causes which, directed by the hand of Providence, were to save this neglected orphan child from a life of wretchedness.

We would here suggest that the true mode of effectually prosecuting missionary labour among the most abject in our great cities, is to visit them in their homes. Go and seek the lost in their cellars, in their garrets, in their sin. Let the missionary do

it *statedly;* always labouring in his own district, from house to house, until he is known, until he has gained general confidence by his sympathy, by his ministrations in sickness, by his benefactions in their distress. He is thus prepared to gather the pupils of his Sunday-school. He has a hold upon them when secured, and can bring religious truth to their more serious attention.

When he visits these children at home during the week, the impressions made by the two hours of Sunday teaching are confirmed, while otherwise they might be obliterated by an unchecked course of worldliness for the other six days.

We believe that one great object of mission-schools should be to seek out and follow up individual cases. The wild, ragged, and wicked children of our city will never be saved in the mass. If they are saved at all, it will be by taking them *one by one*, wherever they can be found. The visiting missionary will get the confidence of a large number of parents. Some pinched by poverty, and some in order to remove their offspring from their own sinful example, will give up their chil-

dren to him, to provide a home. A widow will leave her orphan to his kind care when she dies. He will find a forsaken child wandering in the streets. He will find the young emigrant houseless, friendless, about to be decoyed into a course of shame. He will find the child, enslaved and abused by another who has no legal control over her, as was the case with her whose history now engages us. One by one, he provides for all these cases. This child will be sent to one institution, and that to another; one to a good place in the country, another to a good family in the city. The law will be invoked to give protection to the oppressed, for whom a home with Christian influences will be provided. There is hope for every one thus rescued. There is scarcely any hope for those who are not.

May not the labours of that mission-school of which we have spoken, carried on by a small band of self-denying teachers, be adduced as an example?

By the efforts of this humble institution, sixteen children in one year have been removed from vile associations, miserable dwellings, and extreme poverty, to homes

of Christian influence—generally in the country. Some were found wandering in the streets, some left orphans, and given, as one poor dying mother said, "to our folks." One young emigrant girl, a stranger, just landed, was found wandering in the streets, without a single friend in the country. Some were given up by their parents, who, with one spark of parental love left, desired to save their children from their own sinful courses. One, a little boy, was found almost starved to death in the streets, driven away by a drunken father.

All honour be to those who are engaged in these labours! The mission-schools of our great cities are among the most remarkable features of our times. Their rapid increase and their wonderful success show that the hand of God is in the movement.

They are the hope of our great cities, and the true reform associations. Few sights on earth are more touching to the Christian heart than the view of the thousands of poor children now gathered every Sabbath in the mission-schools of the city of New York. Let the eye wander over the area from river to river, on any Sunday,

looking in upon a band of German children here, reading the Bible in the language of the fatherland; and there upon a school of Jewish children, reading the New Testament. Farther on is a collection of ragged newsboys, and in another place a class of Chinese. At the Five Points are a thousand or more of sorrowing poor; while all along the East River is seen school after school, with from three hundred to eight hundred children, gathered from the docks and streets. Mark the contrast! In the instruction of these schools some of the best energy, talent, and piety of the church is acting upon the worst and most degraded elements of society. It is like the sunlight breaking in upon the clouds and chaos of an unfinished creation.

From the lips of these thousands of wretched, neglected, and sinful children, the voice of praise is resounding. The word of God is read by them, and they hear the voice of prayer. The hand of God is certainly in this work. Is it not emphatically the work of the Christian churches in our cities? What Christian can excuse himself, when the finger of God's providence so plainly points to his field of labour?

Lift up your eyes! Behold, the field is white to the harvest! The field is all around you. You pass over it every day. There are eighty thousand children, this day, in the city of New York alone, without the privileges of the Sunday-school, without the means of grace, without the Bible. They are heathen. Any number of these can be brought under religious teaching. The providence of God has prepared the field for occupation. New enterprises are waiting on every hand. The appeal for teachers is loud and earnest. Veterans who have been honourably dismissed from service have heard the call, and have returned to duty. The call for men is still pressing; and yet there are hundreds, yes, thousands of men—young men, others in middle life, strong men, rich men, men of leisure, educated men, enterprising men—in our churches, who have not responded to this call. When pressed to enter this service, they say, "Oh! I cannot teach. I have tried it, and have no faculty for it. I never could get along with it. You must get somebody else, who has a *tact* for it."

It is painful to hear a Christian man make

such excuses. Is it possible that the Lord has made a man, given him education, competency, a station in society, an enterprise for business, a standing in his church, and has shed abroad His love in his heart, awakened holy and Christ-like emotions and sympathies in his soul,—and yet has not given this disciple of his the capacity to teach the Bible to a poor, ragged, ignorant boy, waiting for instruction in our mission-schools? Does not the difficulty lie farther back? Is he really *willing* to do his duty? Appeals to such men are often answered by saying, "Here is my money, but you must excuse me." Not your's, but YOU, are called for. Your gold and your silver are the Lord's already. He asks for *you*. The command is, "GO, WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD."

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above.
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow.
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sowed,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield the fruit divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

CHAPTER II.

THE RESCUE.

On Monday, the second day of the year, Mr. C——, the missionary and the superintendent of the Reade Street Sunday-school, requested Miss M——, one of the teachers of that school, to make, if possible, some arrangement with Mrs. Dougherty for Maria's attendance regularly at school. The same day, Miss M—— called at Mrs. Dougherty's, in her garret, but was not very graciously received.

She made known her errand, and urged Maria's attendance at school on Sundays; but Mrs. Dougherty pleaded her great poverty, and the necessity she was under to use the child as a means of obtaining something to eat. To obviate these objections, it was finally arranged that, for the present, she would receive, through Miss M——, fifty cents' worth of groceries each week, and that on this consideration, Maria should not be

sent out to sell apples and candy on Sunday, but should be allowed to come to the school.

The little girl seemed to have waked up to a new life. The idea of going to a Sunday-school made her heart joyful, and lighted up her thin, sad face with a glad smile.

Thus did this orphan find another friend whom she will never forget. This was the first visit of Miss M—— to this desolate home, but not the last. This little girl had now a strong hold on the heart of her teacher. Her truthfulness, seriousness, affection, and gentleness, won the confidence of all who knew her. During this severe winter, Miss M—— was often seen in that garret as a visitor and a comforter, led there by affection for this orphan child, as well as by a sense of duty.

On the next Sabbath—the second Sabbath of the New Year—Maria (now familiarly called "The Candy-Girl") was at the Sunday-school in Reade Street. Here, for the first time since she left England, she was in a place of worship, and heard the voice of public prayer. Strange thoughts must have passed through her mind—thoughts of other days, when she had been a Sabbath scholar,

in another land—a joyous, happy child. How wide the chasm between! How dark her path through it! Yet an angel hand had led her on.

She was placed in Miss M——'s class, and was found to be an intelligent scholar, earnest in learning the truth. She showed a maturity of judgment and a degree of seriousness and good-breeding which attracted unusual attention. For the first time in more than five years, she read the Bible. She also received a library-book. Through these means, divine light began to beam on her mind.

As she lived on the east side of the town, at some distance from the Reade Street School, it was considered best that she should attend the Roosevelt Mission Sunday-school, which was near her residence; and she was accordingly transferred to that school during the ensuing week, and an arrangement made with Miss S—— (her teacher there) to receive a ticket every Sabbath for fifty cents' worth of groceries; which was taken by Maria to Mrs. Dougherty, as an equivalent for her Sunday services in selling apples. She was one of the best scholars in

the school—always present, attentive, and thoughtful, and seemed to prize instruction and the Bible as new and precious blessings.

How would all Sunday-school scholars value one hour's instruction from the Bible, if they were doomed for years to forego these privileges—to hear no prayer—to visit no church, nor even to read the Bible in all that time!

Maria had a refinement, a gentleness and docility of manner which showed that she had been trained under better influences than those which now surrounded her.

Her first teacher, Miss M——, and the missionary, Mr. C——, frequently visited her during the winter at her forlorn home. They found Mrs. Dougherty always there, generally complacent, but always complaining of her poverty. She told them that Maria was an English child; that her mother died many years ago at New York, when Maria was very young, and before she could do any thing for herself; that she, (Mrs. Dougherty,) by request of the child's father, then took her and provided for her; and that Maria had lived with her ever since. She said Maria owed every thing to her, and

she had now just become able to do something for her. From Maria they learned, in general, that she came from England with her parents about five or six years before; and that soon after they landed, her mother died; that her step-father, who was intemperate, had left her with old Mrs. Dougherty; and that she had ever since lived with her.

This was all that, as yet, was known of the child's history. She attended Sunday-school regularly during the winter and spring of 1854, until the latter part of April. Every week-day—in sunshine, rain, or snow—she was seen in the streets, from sunrise till night, selling apples and candy.

Her place of resort was along the Park, in Chatham Street, opposite the Brick Church, or by the Astor House, corner of Vesey Street. Her face was well known to those accustomed to pass these places, and "the candy-girl" had many friends who never knew her name, whence she came, or whither she went.

It was a life of severe labour for a child. Her friend, Mr. C——, frequently paid her a visit at the corners of the streets, and by kind words encouraged her in her hard ser-

vice. He hoped, by a kind Providence, to get her a good situation in some family; and this seemed to be the height of her ambition.

During this time she said little about the woman in whose garret she lodged; but it was afterwards learned that these were hard times for the poor girl. The old woman had become jealous of Mr. C——, and feared that he was trying to get the child away from her. Her health was feeble, and she was growing daily more morose and severe. She was, at times, impatient and cruel. She was an Irish Catholic, and had been forsaken by her husband. She had one son, about sixteen years of age, who lived with her, and was her especial pet—spending the money that was earned by Maria's toil.

This poor girl suffered actual persecution in her efforts to attend the Sunday-school. She often, and, indeed, generally, went after a cruel beating, as it was stated by those who lived in the adjoining room. Yet she always went, and appeared cheerful and happy; for hope was lighted up in her heart, and she there found friends and sympathy, for which her heart had yearned for years in vain.

Maria was earning from fifty to seventy-

five cents a day, for her employer, and she might well fear to lose her. Almost every day, when she came in from the streets, the old woman would inquire if she had seen Mr. C—— and talked with him, and what he said; and would accuse her of designing to leave her.

She would attempt to awaken her fears, too, by telling her that Mr. C—— only wished to get her into some Protestant family or school, and shut her up, to make a Protestant of her; and she was constantly upbraiding Maria for caring more for Mr. C—— and Miss M—— than for herself.

"This was about the hardest time I ever had with the old woman," said the child. "Sometimes, when she scolded at me, I would cry, and then she would beat me; and she would get angry at the least word I said, and strike me. She would say the Sunday-school was a bad place; that we ought not to read the Bible.

Thus things went on until the latter part of April,—the old woman receiving weekly her supply of groceries.

The friends of Maria began to think it was time that their weekly contributions

to Mrs. Dougherty should be withheld; and accordingly Maria was soon after notified that no more tickets would be given.

On the next Sabbath, (April 22,) Maria was not at the Sunday-school. The old woman had refused to let her go, and the tears and supplications of the girl were unavailing.

She was sent out again into the streets, on Sunday morning, to sell apples and candy. It was a sad blow to her hopes and her pride, and a terrible wound to her conscience. She had been trying to do right and to become respectable. In conversation, afterwards, with Maria, we asked her, "What seemed the darkest time in her life?"

She said, "I rather guess it was when Mrs. Dougherty took me away from the Sunday-school. I thought, somehow, by means of the Sunday-school, I might get away from the old woman, and get a place in a family; but now I thought it was all over, and that I never could get away."

A dark cloud of despair seemed to have gathered over her again, and all her fond hopes of rescue from her miserable life were

disappointed. To her it seemed a calamity; but

> "Behind a frowning providence,
> God hides a smiling face."

It was the means of her rescue, and of her restoration to home and friends.

Mr. C—— ascertained, on Monday, that she had been taken away from the school, and he then determined to invoke the aid of the law and take Maria from the old woman. The plan was matured during the week, and on Saturday morning he consulted a lawyer as to the possibility of arresting Maria as a vagrant. It was found practicable. He then went before one of the authorities of the city, and made his affidavit of the facts relating to her, stating her orphanage, and the cruelty of the old woman. An order was obtained for committing Maria to the guardianship of the "Home for the Friendless." But the most difficult part of the task remained — namely, to seize the child and convey her to her newly-constituted guardians.

Before making the arrest, Mr. C—— concluded to try persuasion with the old woman, and to get her consent to Maria's going to

some other place to live. He accordingly went to Mrs. Dougherty's garret, found her at home, and tried to persuade her to give up the child. But she was very angry and abusive, and said, as usual, that "Maria should not go to live with any one—not even with the president; that she was her girl, and she would keep her in spite of anybody."

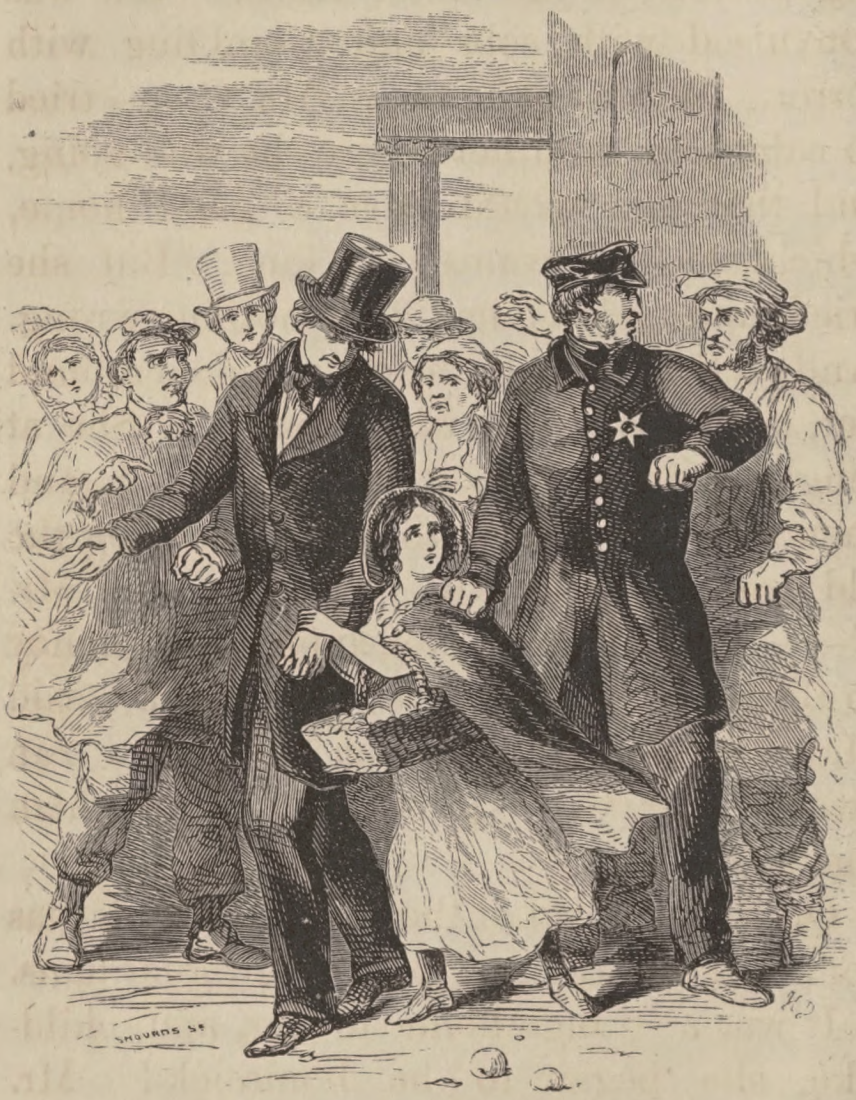
Mr. C—— now proceeded to Chatham Street, to find Maria. He did not find her opposite the old church, and he went to the corner of Centre Street; but she was not there; and he began to fear he might lose her after all. He asked an apple-woman, near by, where Maria was, and was told she had gone to the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, under the awning where she always went when it rained.

Mr. C—— now procured a policeman to serve his warrant and arrest Maria. They found her, about five o'clock in the afternoon, at the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street. Mr. C—— went up to her very quietly, and said that he wanted her to go with him to a good home he had found for her. But when she saw the officer with his star, (the badge of a New York policeman,)

she at once became frightened, and said she would not go. The officer told her she *must* go, that they would not harm her; and he took hold of her arm. She began to cry and scream with fear, thinking she was to be taken to prison. She said she had not done any thing wrong, for which she should go to prison. She had only sold apples and candy; and this she repeated again and again.

Her screams and resistance in such a public place drew a large crowd around and produced a great commotion; and all inquired what the poor child had done, that she should be taken as a thief. She appealed to the multitude that she had done nothing; and for a few moments they seemed inclined to rescue her from the officer. A large number of the crowd were Irish labourers; and as she was in great terror, she called to mind what Mrs. Dougherty had said to awaken her fears, and she cried out, "They are going to take me away and make a Protestant of me!"

But the circumstances of her case were explained to the bystanders by Mr. C—— again and again, and finally they approved of the proceeding, and told Maria she had better go with the officer.



They took her as she was, with her basket on her arm. p. 41.

They took her just as she was, with her basket on her arm, into a railroad car standing in front of the Astor House. She was convulsed with sobs and trembling with terror. While on their way, Mr. C—— tried to calm her; told her where she was going, and that she would have a good home, which she had wanted so long. But she cried, and said she had done nothing wrong. And all the people in the car gathered around her, asking why she was arrested? She at length became somewhat reconciled, and then she began to be troubled at leaving the old woman so abruptly. She requested Mr. C—— to take her basket, apples, and money to the old woman, "Or she will think," said Maria, "that I have stolen them and run away." Mr. C—— promised to return them that night.

On their arrival at the "Home" Maria was committed to the care of her new guardians.

It was a strange home to her, and, child-like, she began to be homesick! Mr. C—— and the policeman left her, to return to the old woman with Maria's basket, apples, and money. They made their way, for the last time, up to the garret, and told

her that Maria had gone; that the law had provided a new home for her; and that this was done because she had ill-treated her. The old woman was astonished at the intelligence, and begged to have her back again —promising to do well by her. But Mr. C—— left the house, telling her it was too late. The old woman followed him down stairs into the street, and along the side-walk, taking hold of his arm, beseeching him only to tell her where Maria had gone. But Mr. C—— was inexorable, and the policeman only laughed at the old woman's new-born affection for the child. She had taken her last look at the poor child.

A neighbour, who had every opportunity to know, stated that she scarcely ever went out after this while she lived. She stayed in her room, indulging her appetite for strong drink, and cursed the Protestants until death closed her mouth, which was some time during the following summer.

Maria's sojourn at the "Home" was very short: she came there on a Saturday night; on the next Monday, they sent her and a number of other girls, with one of the officers of the institute, to the western part

of the State of New York, for the purpose of obtaining homes for them in the country. No place had been provided for Maria before she left. One of the girls had been engaged to Mrs. M——, of Tonawanda. When the company arrived there, Maria was left with this girl at the house of Mrs. M—— for a few days, while the lady who had accompanied them went to Niagara Falls. When the lady returned for Maria, Mrs. M—— preferred Maria to the girl who was intended for her. This arrangement was assented to; so that, in the short space of one week, Maria had left a home in the garret in the city, had ended a life in the streets, and had found a new home in a Christian family in a quiet country town. Yes, now, for the first time since she left England, she was in the country, and saw the blooming trees, the green fields, the running brooks, and the blue mountains. She said, "Every thing looked so beautiful!" and reminded her of the days when she was in England with her grandmother. In the family of Mr. and Mrs. M—— she was treated with great kindness. She won their affection.

Mrs. M—— said, in one of her letters to

Maria's friends in New York, "It was surprising that she had so few faults." She was obedient, honest, conscientious, and, what is too rare in children, she was perfectly truthful. We do not mean to say that children generally tell deliberate falsehoods, but there is such a thing as suppressing a little of the truth, or *allowing* a person to misunderstand us, or give a little colouring to our statements. Would that all children were like the great and good Washington, who could not tell a lie!

Nothing is more important than to cultivate the habit of perfect truthfulness, so that we shall love truth, and breathe it in every word, express it in every look, and think it in every thought. Abhor lying, deceit, and all equivocation; strive against the *habit* of deceit—for it is, with some persons, a habit almost unconquerable. The Bible is very full of instruction and warning on this subject: "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." "The lip of truth shall be established forever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment." "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight." If you speak at all,

speak the truth, without fear or favour, to high or low. It was this love of truth, perhaps, more than any other thing, which gained Maria so many friends wherever she went.

And now we find the little "candy-girl" at a good home. All the gentle influences of a domestic life, like the genial sun of spring, were now beaming upon her heart, and were bringing forth there all those tender plants of confidence, love, and joy so natural and beautiful in the child. She attended the daily school and Sunday-school regularly. Her young heart had felt a long, stern winter, which had gone far to stifle these childlike emotions. Now, like a garden in spring, they were all unfolding themselves in loveliness.

She mingled with children and engaged in their sports, and began to show the vivacity and joyousness of girlhood. It was a new thing to her. She was born in the country, yet for years she had seen nothing of the face of nature but the "Park," and heard nothing but the ceaseless noise and hubbub of a great city. Now she was among scenes familiar to her earliest years. Who, that was

born in the country, does not bless God for it? What youthful mind does not love its beauties? What young heart does not bow in adoration to the God whose glories are beaming everywhere? The wide landscapes, the majestic mountains, the quiet valleys, the lakes and hills, are objects among which the thoughts delight to rove—refreshing to the man of care, and a solace to old age. Happy the man who has been reared in the country, and happy he who can rear his children there! "God made the country, and man made the town." I should like to stand on the Alps, to muse among the classic ruins of Rome and Athens, to tread the sacred scenes of Palestine; but my heart bounds at the thought of visiting my early home in the country—the old house under the elms, where I was born; the hill-top overlooking the river, where I have watched the setting sun and the rising moon; the shady walk through the forest, winding along by the little brook; every old familiar tree, and bank, and hedge, and rock, where I have, so many hours, sat musing on the life before me; the churchyard, where lie buried my father and my mother—these

scenes we love, and to them we turn with longing desire in manhood, and their memory will be green even in old age. Here we were born, and here would we die and be gathered to our fathers.

We beg pardon for such a disquisition on nature; but we hope to induce our young city readers to seek her acquaintance in her own quiet bowers; and our young country readers to prize the blessings they enjoy, and not turn their backs upon her face to seek the dusty, noisy, dangerous walks of a city life.

Here Maria had her home for a short summer. She was also under Christian influence in a family of prayer, where she was instructed in religion. Her duties were domestic. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. M——, and a little boy named Willie, whom they had adopted.

Maria became much attached to Willie, who was a sickly child. It was her delight to take him out under the trees, and to amuse him with flowers.

Thus had the Lord provided for this little orphan, and fulfilled his gracious promise—

"When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up."

"He shall judge the poor of the people: he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor."

"He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper."

"He relieveth the fatherless and widow."

He had crowned the humble efforts of his servants with success. The command is, "Defend the poor and fatherless," do justice to the afflicted and needy: "deliver the poor and needy." This had been done.

The friends of the poor "candy-girl" were rewarded for their persevering effort; and who can tell what good they have done? "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

Miss M——, Maria's first fervent friend, continued to take an interest in her, and even visited her during the summer at Tonawanda.

Maria could now write letters, and their correspondence was frequent.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOST FOUND.

After Maria had been for some weeks at Tonawanda, the family in which she lived began to question her about her early life. They ascertained that she came from Sellinge, Kent county, England; that her grandparents resided there when Maria left England, and that they were then in good circumstances. But five or six years had elapsed since she had left them; and she had never heard from them since, and had no expectation of hearing.

Mrs. M——, with the fertile and practical benevolence of a Christian woman, conceived the thought of writing to the grandparents. They were perhaps living still, and might be able to do something for Maria. Mr. M—— said it was of no use; the letter would never get there; and if it did, it would not find her grandparents. They were probably dead. That it was a "woman's notion" to send

across the Atlantic to find the grandmother of a little beggar girl!

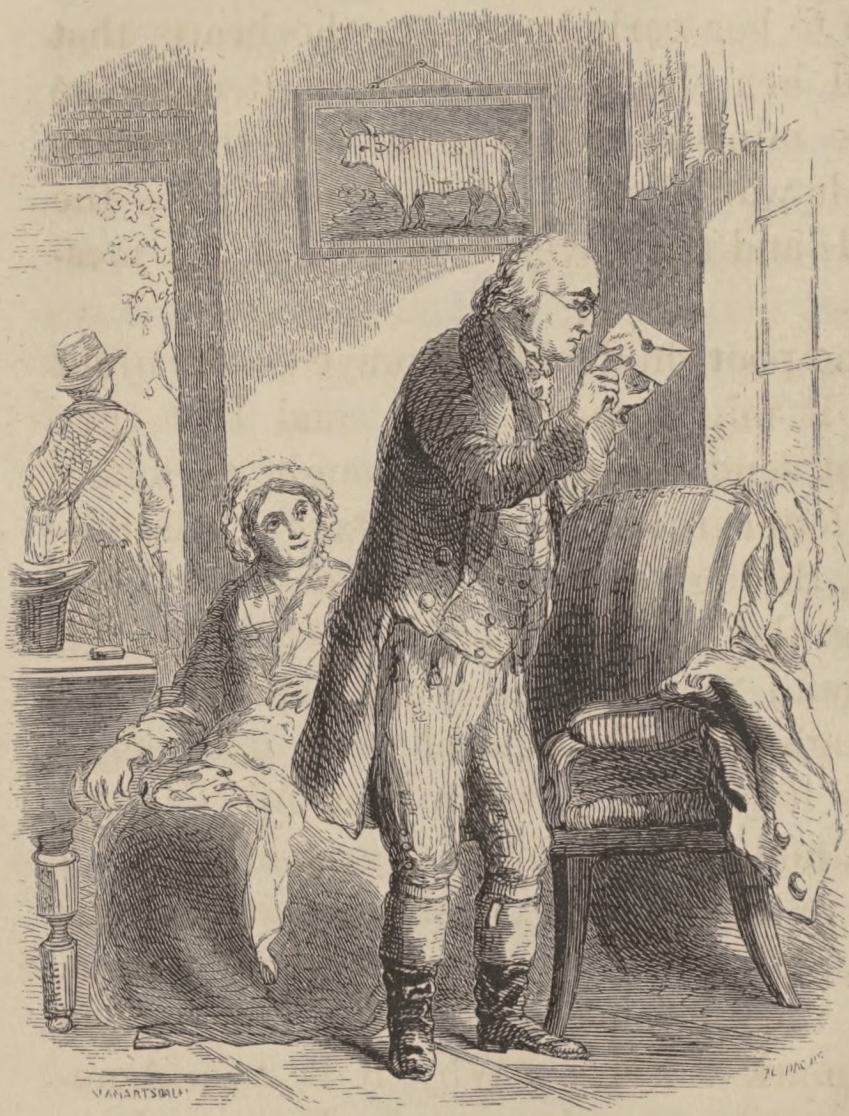
Mrs. M—— was not by all this to be deterred from writing. It would do no harm, at any rate. So she commenced a letter to Maria's grandmother, giving a brief statement of her life in this country. It seemed very much like sending at random; but Maria was now anxious that it should go. Some strange hope possessed the child that good would come of it.

Before it was finished, it was laid aside for weeks and almost forgotten by Mrs. M——, so faint were her expectations of its being of any avail. But the child's hopes were awakened; she could not forget the unfinished letter; perhaps it might reach her grandparents. So Mrs. M—— finally determined to finish and send it. Maria added a few lines to the letter, and it was directed to

Mr. Thomas Cheeseman,
Sellinge,
Kent County,
England.

and posted with scarcely a reasonable hope that his aged eyes would ever peruse it. But

M. Cheeseman.



See! The old man looks at it. p. 51.

Maria's dearest hopes followed that same letter. It was the message of a young, sighing, outcast orphan from the place of her long exile to her early home—to the hearts that loved her once. It was committed to the fickle ministry of the winds and the waves which wafted it. Yet God, who rules the winds and the waves, took care of the message.

The poor child said, "I prayed every night that it might reach them, and that they might send for me." We ought to follow that letter in its travels by stage-coach, railroad, through post-offices, upon steamboats, along the rivers, over the ocean, through England and her great metropolis, down through Old Kent, until some messenger takes it into the farmhouse of Mr. Cheeseman, and presents it to a gray-headed old man in small-clothes, with spectacles on his nose, and an old woman sitting beside him. See! the old man looks at it, examines the post-mark closely: "Why, it is from America! What can it mean? No one there has any business with me!"

The thought, to be sure, darts through his mind, that he once had a little grand-daugh-

ter there; but she must be dead long before this.

From whom can it be? It is opened with a trembling hand. It flashes out in the first few lines that Maria is living. His whole frame trembles. He cannot hold the letter. "Thank God! Thank God!" he exclaims. "She was dead and is alive again; she was lost but is found." Now the old lady tries her skill at reading the letter, and with little better success; but amid sobs and tears at last the whole truth comes out. The child whom they had sought and prayed for, for years, and given up for lost, was whispering her sighs into their ears. She was safe, and as pure as when, years ago, in her infancy, they had given her a farewell kiss.

There was fervent thanksgiving in that farmhouse that night. Mr. Cheeseman now began to make his arrangements to have Maria brought home to England. Mrs. Cheeseman answered Mrs. M——'s letter, and wrote to Maria, and the return message was committed to the post. This letter was longer in its passage than it should have been.

While all this was taking place in England, the little candy-girl was awaiting, in great anxiety, some news to decide her fate.

An answer to her letter, if it came at all, should come in less than thirty days from the time it was sent. She says, "About the time we expected it, I went down to the post-office every day when Mr. M—— did not go; but no answer came in the thirty days. I kept waiting, hoping it would come. I prayed every night for it. But it did not come, and I had almost given up all hopes of it. One day, after school in the afternoon, I was at home with Willie, and Mrs. M——'s brother came in and asked for her. She was not at home, but he stayed about the house until about tea-time, when she came in; and then he went up to her, after she took her bonnet off, and looked very funny, and said, 'Here is something for you;' and he handed her a letter, and at the same time he looked at me. Mrs. M—— took it and looked at the outside, and then said, 'Why, Maria, this is for you.' I began to tremble a little, and Mrs. M—— said, 'Why, how red you look!' I knew it was from my friends. She opened it, and read it aloud. Here is what she read:

Mr. and Mrs. Cheeseman cannot find words to express their thankfulness to Mr. and Mrs. M——, for having in part restored their long-lost grandchild. It is the wish of us all that you would send her to us, but in doing so we see the difficulty. We shall be greatly obliged to you, and will repay you, if possible, for all and every expense that may be incurred. We should prefer her being sent to London, with an advice from you to that effect, and as to a berth for her, we will leave to your decision.

We will also thank you if you will write us the name of the vessel she may come by, and also the name you enter her in. My husband will remit you the money in whatever way you may name; either through our banker, who has agents in America, or other ways you may name.

With gratitude, I remain your obliged

MARIA CHEESEMAN.

BARROW HILL,
Sellinge, near Ashford,
Kent, Old England.

SELLINGE, Aug. 1, 1854.

My dear and long-lost grand-daughter: We have this day, July 31st, received your letter; and praised be the Lord, who has so miraculously preserved you from the dangers of the wicked world! And may the Almighty Power send down his blessings on those benevolent persons who have thus far sheltered and fed you! Your disposition will ever, I trust, lead you

to pray for their prosperity in this life and perfect happiness in that which is to come, and ever to look on them as the good Samaritans. It is the wish of your grandfather that you return to him, if you like. He has had many sleepless nights, not knowing where to search for you, having wrote several letters to America, but none were answered. Your uncles and aunts are all married and have children. Mrs. Pollard has often inquired after you, and will, no doubt, be glad when I tell her of your welfare. So we all will; and all desire our best love, with a kiss of affection. And believe me,

Your affectionate grandmother,

M. CHEESEMAN.

I am now 72 years old.

God bless you!

This was the long-expected letter; and how every word must have thrilled the heart of Maria! Every painful doubt had now disappeared. Not only were her grandparents living, but they still loved her, and their hearts were still open to receive her. The day after this letter was received, she wrote to Miss M——, in New York, as follows:

My dear teacher: I sit down to thank you for your kind letter. I thank you for the interest you have taken in my welfare. I haven't missed but

two Sabbaths since I commenced going. I often think of the Sabbaths I spent in the streets of New York. I have been to school eight weeks, and have studied arithmetic, geography, spelling, and reading. I have to-day received a letter from my grandmother, that I have written to since I came here; and I hope to see my friends in England again. I am fond of Willie, and very well pleased with my home. Miss C—— said she would come to see us, but she has not come yet. I thank you for those papers that you offered to send me; and I would like to hear from you again. Sincerely yours,

MARIA CHEESEMAN.

A new world had now dawned upon the candy-girl. She was to return to England as soon as her grandparents sent the necessary funds. But a delay of some weeks was occasioned by not receiving letters from them. Through the letters of Maria and Mrs. M——, Mrs. Cheeseman had learned of Maria's first teacher, and of her kindness to the child; and to her Mrs. Cheeseman sent twenty-five pounds (one hundred and twenty-five dollars) to pay Maria's passage back to England.

The money was enclosed in a letter, of which the following is a copy:

SELLINGE, Oct. 19, 1854.

My dear and unknown friend: With this, I send the money whereby you will be enabled to complete that work it has pleased the all-sufficient God to inspire you to commence—that of restoring an orphan to her relatives and home. Verily, the Lord omnipotent reigneth; and praised be his holy name for causing the hearts of strangers to sympathize for an orphan and destitute child of affliction! We are at a loss to express our thankfulness for so beneficent an act; and may the Lord pour down his gracious blessing upon those most truly Christian persons who possess that virtue and charity which, we read, survives the wreck of the world, outlives time itself, and will be forever the work of the servants of God! I have taken the liberty of sending the money to you, as, from the tenour of your letter, we infer that probably Mr. and Mrs. M—— may have left Tonawanda. Mr. M—— speaks of the great expense they have been put to in clothing and getting the dear girl to New York. We are willing and desirous that you should compensate them according to your idea of the case. We wish to avoid all superfluous expenses, being only in the middle class of society—domestic farmers; and if you, dear madam, will do, or cause to be done, that of procuring a berth in a first-class cabin, for Maria's return to England, also to see that she has suitable clothes for her voyage, with sufficient necessaries in the

clothing department, and see her on board, making an agreement with the captain—a written one is the best—that there may not be any thing unpleasant when she arrives in England,—you will greatly oblige us. We also shall be thankful if you will write us of her departure from you, and to what port the vessel will be bound, and the expected time of her arrival in England. We should prefer London; and should you, dear madam, at any time, visit England, I should be proud to receive you at our domestic home, Barrow Hill Farm, Sellinge, near Ashford, Kent—distant from London seventy-two miles, and close to the Westernhanger and Wyth station, South-Eastern Railway.

The cause of my delay in writing has been that we have not been able to get an order to have the money transferred to you—there are so many difficulties which we were not aware of—and we could not get any information in London what the expenses were likely to be from America. There does not appear to be any specific terms; but the bargain must be made, in the best manner possible, with the captain. The expenditure of the money we leave to you; and should Mr. M—— accompany her to New York, of course you will be pleased to remunerate him according to your ideas; and should the sum sent be not sufficient, we will remit you more. We have friends in New York. (This letter states their address and residence.) If you, doubting our veracity, will take

the trouble to inquire, they will satisfy you of our responsibility. This gentleman saw Maria at our request, but, most probably, was at a loss how to get possession of her, although his heart yearned to do so. After her dear mother's death, we lost sight of her altogether: and we knew that her step-father had deserted her. We have very many good institutions in England—London particularly. Your's is called the Home of the Friendless, our's the Orphan Asylum. To you, my dear madam, we beg our best thanks, best regards; and to Mr. and Mrs. M—— our thankfulness for all their kind exertions; and to dear Maria my best love, with a hope she will have a pleasant voyage.

Your's respectfully,

MARIA CHEESEMAN.

This letter arrived in the early part of November. It was not convenient to bring Maria at once to New York, and she remained at Tonawanda until the first of the following January, when she was brought to New York by the ladies of the Home for the Friendless, who were her legal guardians. Here she became the guest of Miss M——, who held the funds to pay her outfit and passage back to England. She was so changed when she returned, that her friends hardly knew her. She had become fair and

ruddy, and that careworn, old look which she once had, had given way to a happy, childlike face. She had become stout and strong. Her friends in New York desired she should sail in a London packet in the first week in January. But it became necessary to prepare her some clothing; and now Maria, for the first time, began to see New York as it is.

Heretofore she had only been a street-girl, carrying her basket from her home to the Park. Never had she been within a respectable house or among respectable people. Now she went shopping with Miss M——. But her small purchases were soon made. Miss M—— and Maria were very busy during the whole of the first week in January in making up her clothing; and Maria worked from morning till night. She sewed with great facility, and better than most young girls; for she had had a long apprenticeship in the art of making shirts for old Mrs. Dougherty, during the long winter evenings in the garret.

But the ship "American Congress," in which she was to sail, was detained from

day to day until Friday the 12th. This delay was trying to Maria's patience, for she was a good deal excited, and very desirous to depart; and it was now nearly four months since she had heard the call of her aged grandparents to her to return. During the last week of her stay in New York, she visited different parts of the city. She never had been above Chambers Street, during the years she was in New York, until Mr. C—— and the policeman took her. She was always obliged to work, so that she could not go; and she had never seen any park in New York but the City Hall Park.

On the second Sabbath of January, she paid a visit to the Reade Street Sunday-school. It was just one year since she first went there—an eventful year to her. She also paid a visit to the Roosevelt School; and, on her way back, she went with her teacher to the old room in the garret, where she so long lived with Mrs. Dougherty. A neighbour, and one of her early friends, told her the old woman died during the summer, and that she had money in the bank, which her son had taken out and squandered. He

said he was very glad Maria had found her friends.

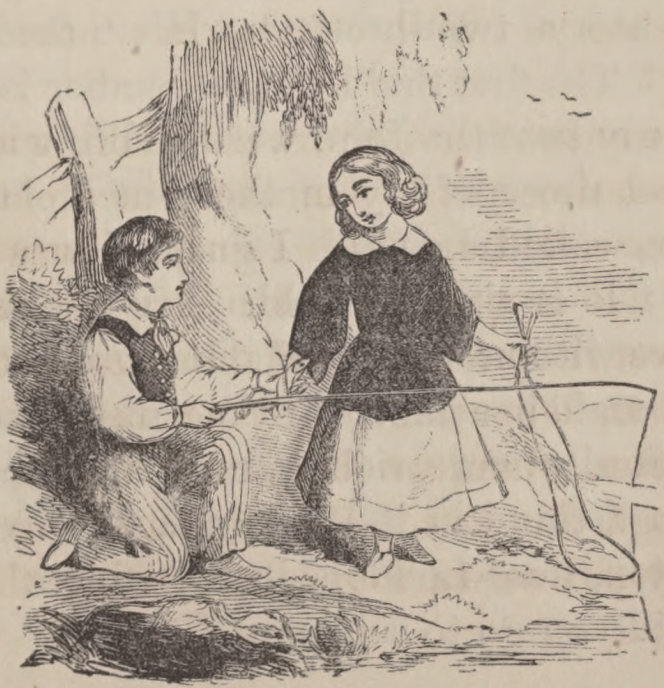
Here she was again, in the garret where she had passed so many years of sorrow—where she had been whipped and abused—where she had worked so hard during the winter evenings—where she had prayed for deliverance—and where she never heard a kind word. It was all over now, and it seemed like a dream.

Some of our inquisitive young readers may be inclined to ask, Who is this little candy-girl of whom you are telling us? Where did she come from? What was her early life? Why do you begin in the middle to tell a story? Why not begin at the beginning?

We answer that we are not making a story, but relating facts; that every incident, even the most trifling, in this simple narrative, is true. It is written that it may awaken an interest in hundreds and thousands of cases of poor, labouring, suffering, yet deserving children, whom we daily meet in our walks through this city. We introduce our little candy-girl as we found her toiling through

the streets of New York, seven days in the week, painfully earning her subsistence.

During the last few days of her stay in New York the incidents of her early life were drawn out. We must allow her to tell her history in her own way. We feel certain that all she said is true. There was a candour and diffidence about her statements which could not fail to awaken the fullest confidence. Although she spoke of things which seemed at first almost to have faded from her memory, yet there was intelligence and coherence in her statements. She must now be her own historian.



CHAPTER IV.

MARIA'S STORY.

"SINCE I came to America, I have been sick so much, and worked so hard, and been scolded at so much, that I have kind of forgotten almost all I used to do and all I learned.

"My father died when I was a few days old, as I have heard my mother say. My mother was the daughter of Mr. Cheeseman, who lived at Sellinge, Kent county, England.

"I had a twin-brother. His name was John. The first that I can remember is, that I and my brother John were living with an aunt—a sister of my mother—at a place in Sussex, called Lewes. I guess I was then about five or six years old. My mother did not live with us, then. She had gone to be a ladies' maid in a family by the name of Lloyd. This family were rich people, and went to live in Ireland in the summer, but lived in Brighton, near London, in the winter."

"Did you go to school at Lewes?"

"Oh yes; I went to school every day, to a Miss Dalton. I was learning to read and write at her school. Write—you know—lines in books. It was rather queer writing, I guess. Johnny did not go to the same school with me. I remember he was pale and had something the matter with his head. And the boys used to trouble him; so my aunt sent him to a smaller school. Lewes was a large place. I believe there was a wide street with large houses and trees on each side."

"Did you ever go to a Sunday-school there?"

"Oh yes. I went every Sunday, and had the same teacher as we had in the day-school. We used to go to church, too. It was called or sounded like 'All Saints.' My mother used to come often from Brighton to see us, and we were happy then, I suppose.

"The next I remember is, that my aunt took me to Sellinge, in Kent, near Ashford, but my brother remained at Lewes with my aunt. I remember we went on a railroad. My grandfather, Thomas Cheeseman, and his wife, Maria Cheeseman, lived there. My grandfather was a farmer; I know I felt glad to go to my grandmother, for she was well

off, and I liked to go to the country, it was so pleasant, and my grandmother was kind to me. I remember there was a high hill, a little way from the house, called Barrow Hill. But the house was on a level street, all surrounded by flat, green meadows. It was a square white house, two stories high. I don't know whether it was brick or wood. I remember, when we walked heavy on the floors, they would kind of shake. Over the street door there was a porch; and honeysuckles and some other flowers and vines used to run all over it, and hang down all round it. The house had five rooms in it. They were on each side of a hall; and there was behind the house, two or three steps going down, a little brick wash-house, we called it.

There was a flower-garden in front of the house, full of vines and flowers, which my grandmother and I used to take care of. And at the side of the house there was a vegetable-garden, and fruit-trees. We had two peach-trees, but not so many peaches as we have here. We had strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, cherries; and we had one fig-tree. There were smooth meadows of grass, back of the

house, and there were sheep in it. There was a brook running through the meadows, which they called the river. All along the river there were trees, and willows which hung down over the water.

"My grandfather used to raise a good many hops and vegetables for market, which they sold at Ashford. Some of my uncles lived with my grandfather, and helped him. I remember my grandfather. He was rather a short man and stout, with grayish hair, and always looked very kind. It was spring, I know, when I went to live with my grandmother, for, I remember, she sent me out to pick primroses and other flowers—I can't think of all the names. I used to pick them every morning, and put them in flower-pots on the mantel-piece in the parlour. I used to love the flowers, they were so sweet and pretty; and we always had them around in the room.

"I think I lived here with my grandmother about two years. She was very kind to me. I did not go to school, but she taught me every day in the forenoon. She used to give lessons in reading. They were pretty hard. She would not tell me one of the words, but

made me find them out by saying the letters over."

"You mean spelling out the words."

"Yes, sir."

"Why, did you think that hard?"

"It seemed pretty hard to me then—I was so little. After a while, I used to cypher, too; and I wrote in a book, every day, two of those things—I forget what you call them."

"You mean copies, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, that's it—lines on the top to write after. I used to get all these lessons in the forenoon, and recite to my grandmother in the afternoon. I sewed a part of the time, and then went out to play in the yard or in the meadow where the sheep were. I recollect I used to play with one little girl—I don't remember her name;—but she used to come very often in the afternoon, and we would go into the meadows and get buttercups and daisies. They used to grow there all around the fields. Sometimes we would go along by the river, but we were pretty careful not to go too near, for we might fall in. Sometimes we went up on the hill where my grandfather had a hop-garden, and got some kind of grass which grew

there. It was glossy, and would be shaking all the time, and looked very pretty. They called it, there, toddle-grass, or something like that. My grandmother used to put it in glasses on the mantel-piece; and she very often sent me for it. My grandfather raised a good many hops, which he sold. I used to like living there—every thing looked so pretty in the country."

Thus this little child—so soon to be a wanderer and an outcast in a foreign land, and in the midst of a great city—was gaining pure and elevating impressions of the glorious works of the Creator. A love of the beautiful was here implanted in her mind, and nature was painting most charming scenes on her memory, which were, in after years, to be a solace to her. What, beside religion, so elevates the soul, awakens and cherishes pure and noble thoughts, as the contemplation of nature in her rural beauty, grandeur, and sublimity? This influence could be plainly traced on the mind of this child.

Happy they whose early associations are with the country scenes—who in childhood loved

"The rocks and rills,
The woods and lofty hills."

But we must let Maria proceed in her answers to the numerous questions which were put to her, and which awakened all her latent memories of early days. As she called to mind these scenes, the pictures would come up fresh and new to her recollection, and spread a glow of sunshine over her face.

"My grandmother taught me to pray every night when I went to bed. She sometimes took me up stairs to bed, and sometimes my aunt did. But I always kneeled down at the foot of the bed and said the Lord's prayer. She taught me another prayer, but I have forgotten it,—I have been sick so much in the hospital since I came to this country! But I never forgot the Lord's prayer; and I have always said it at night, while I lived with Mrs. Dougherty, but not in the morning, for she would not give me time to say it. When we got up in the morning, we did not all say our prayers together, as you do here; but each one said their prayers in their own room. But we used to read the Bible together.

"I had a book my grandmother gave me, with a black cover, which I studied and read, and which had something for every day in the year in it; I think they called it 'collect,' or some such name. I used to take it to church with me. I kept this book until I came to this country, when it was sold by my step-father, with all my other things. I always went to church. My grandmother went only in the morning.

"I used to learn a good many hymns; but I have forgotten them—it was so long ago. I have heard them sing one here, in the Sunday-school, which I used to know, but I can't remember it now."

"Can't you remember any of the words?"

"Well, there was something about 'bursting bonds,' or 'chains.'* My grand-

* Reference is probably made to Dr. Watts's version of the seventeenth psalm,—so familiar in our religious assemblies. The original version begins with the line,

"Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove," &c.

In several of our American collections, the first two verses are omitted, and the first line of the third verse is,

"What sinners value, I resign;"

and the last verse, and that which seems to have made the deepest impression on Maria's mind, is—

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise."

mother used to go often to Ashford to market, and then she would bring me home some nice things. She once bought me a wax doll, and I kept it till some one on the ship, when I came over, sat on it and crushed it. At another time, she bought me a Bible and some nice books. She once bought me a drawing-book, for drawing pictures of birds and such things; and I could draw a good many pictures on it.

"My mother bought me a work-box, once, which I liked very much. All these things I kept until I got to America, but they all went, with the rest of my things, after my mother died. I felt the worst about losing my drawing-slate and my Bible.

"My grandmother taught me to sew marks on samplers,—you know,—mark letters and names; and, just in the way as they make book-marks, I could make a butterfly, and birds in a cage, and other things. I had a large sampler full of such marks. This was sold too, with my other things."

So pleasantly passed the spring-time of Maria's life—that happy period of child-

hood when all is joy and sunshine and hope. How tenderly she was nurtured and taught by parental affection!

The genial influence of love, descending like dew upon her childlike heart, awakened all the gentler sympathies of her sex and of her nature. She was dependent, confiding, full of affection and responsive sympathies —delicate plants of early blossom found in the heart of the gently-nurtured, and there so beautiful to behold. How terrible to see them wither before the chilling winds of adversity, neglect and want!

It is easy, from these few gleanings of Maria's personal history, to obtain a correct delineation of her character.

She was an amiable, affectionate, and confiding child. She had a happy home in old England, a beautiful home—a home of plenty —a home in the hearts of those who loved her. The flowers were her companions. She saw the sunset, and the painted clouds, and the green fields, and the flowing river, and she loved them all. All these sacred influences of home and of nature were elevating to her thoughts, and awakened a love for the pure, the beautiful, and the true.

Thus was a kind Providence fortifying her young heart for the trials and temptations through which she was soon to pass.

But the most effectual panoply for this little pilgrim will be found in her Christian nurture. She was taught to pray—to go to Christ with her sorrows. "She never forgot to pray!"

This is always a beautiful sight—a child kneeling by its mother in prayer to the Almighty. But oh! how touching is it to see a little orphan, through the whole course of her wanderings, every night lifting up her feeble voice in prayer to the God of the fatherless! See her alone in that emigrant hospital, surrounded by the sick and dying, stretched on a bed of sickness, offering up in the darkness her simple prayer. See her in that dark cellar—fatherless, motherless, brotherless—pouring out her sorrows from that miserable pallet. Hear her prayer in that miserable garret, stretching her weary, half-frozen limbs to rest after the toil of a wintry day. From that young heart there went up the prayer, every night, "Lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil." And does He listen? Was He there

in the hospital—the cellar—the garret—to hear the cry of this little one? Does He who listens to the choirs of heaven,—that innumerable throng of saints and angels,—does he hear thy voice, little orphan child? Yes, he hears thy feeble cry in heaven, his holy dwelling-place. He bends his ear over thy suffering couch, and catches the faintest accents of thy lips. He whispers in thine ear, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." "He will preserve thee from all evil." "He will preserve thy soul."

Let no Christian parent or teacher think it of little consequence to teach a little child to pray. It keeps the Saviour before the soul. It awakens a thousand tender emotions, and early associations of a mother, of a home, of days of innocence, which may lead to convictions of sin, and, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to true repentance.

Many a hardened sinner has wept to think of the time when he used to kneel by his mother's knees and say his prayers. He feels again her soft hand upon his head, her kiss upon his brow, and perhaps her warm

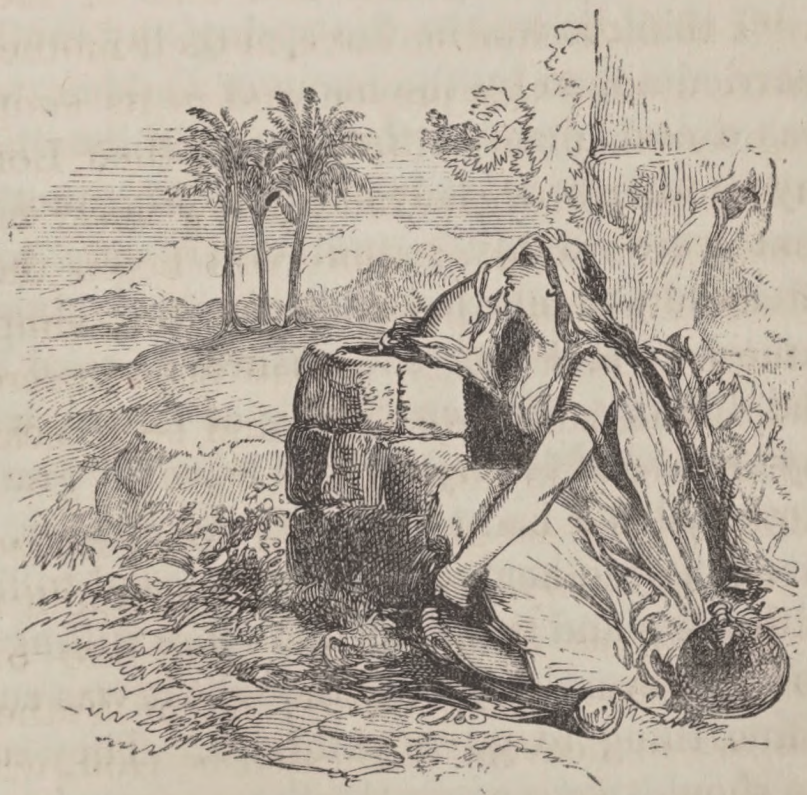
tears upon his cheek. Though she is a saint in heaven, her presence seems to be with him again, pleading with him to make her God his God. Blessed is the memory of the man, though unknown to fame, who wrote that little child's prayer—

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

How many thousands and tens of thousands of little children have, at their mothers' knees, uttered this prayer, and in its simple language first learned to speak to their Lord, and to trust in their God! How many millions, to the end of time, will begin their communion with heaven with this simple petition! How often has it been uttered with earnestness and faith, and been heard and answered in heaven!

Prayer is the language of children. Blessed be our most holy Saviour, who has taught us all to pray as children, and put into our mouths those sweet words: "Our Father, who art in heaven." Blessed be God, who has allowed us this solace in our pilgrimage, this glimpse of the heavenly fields from the

sorrowful vales of this life—this ascending of the human soul, burdened with its joys and thanksgiving, its fears, sorrows, and desires, to its reconciled God, to return again—baptized in the light of heaven—laden with hope, courage, confidence, and love. Such is the privilege of prayer—heaven's boon to mortals, most largely vouchsafed to the lowly, the suffering, and the contrite.



CHAPTER V.

THE FAREWELL.

MARIA had spent two happy years with her grandmother on the farm, and, according to her recollection, she was then about eight years old. She says:

"I think it was in the spring, my mother married a man by the name of Golden, who was a coachman in the same family where my mother was lady's-maid. My mother sent word to my grandmother, very soon after she was married, that she was going to America; and that she wished to take me and Johnny, who was living at Lewes, with my aunt. I felt very sorry to leave my grandmother, but I had to go with my mother. I loved my mother, and always wanted to live with her; and this made me more willing to go: and everybody then thought it was such a fine thing to go to America. They said we should have every thing we wanted, and be better off there, and that there were no

poor people there. I thought we should have a nice house to live in, in the country, when we got there; and that I should live with my mother and Johnny, and I thought this would be very pleasant.

"My grandmother made me up a good many clothes—some nice ones—a trunk full. I had a Bible and some nice books, my dolls and playthings, my work-box and drawing-slate. We were to meet my mother and my brother in London, and start together.

"My grandmother and aunt took me to London. I remember we went by a rail-road, and there we found my brother, with another aunt, who had come up from Sussex with him. We were to meet my mother there the same day, but she did not come. We looked about London all day for her, but could not find her. We stayed with a friend of my grandmother's there two days before she came.

"At last my mother came with my step-father. I had never seen him before. He took my mother and John and me to a boarding-house one night. My grandmother did not like my step-father because he got drunk the first night he was there. My

mother felt badly, and cried all night. But he tried to make me like him, for the first afternoon he came, he went out and brought Johnny and me some cakes.

"The next day we went in the cars to Liverpool. My grandmother was sorry for me to go. She kissed me good-by, and then stood and looked at us till the cars were out of sight of her. I felt very badly to leave my grandmother, for she was always good to me, and I did not like my step-father.

"I don't remember much of the journey to Liverpool; but when we came there, the ship we were going in had sailed, and we had to wait for another, which was going in about a week. We stayed in a boarding-house during this week. I was not much home-sick then, for we were most of the time going about the docks seeing the ships. I had never seen a ship before, and I did not know what to make of them at first, they looked so strange. We sailed in the ship Catharine from Liverpool to New York. I think we must have sailed in the spring, early, and I think it was about five or six years ago.

"We had a good many things with us. My mother had a great many clothes in her

trunks, a gold watch, and some jewelry and books. I don't remember very much about the voyage. I was sick for the first week, and I longed to go back to England, but every one else wanted to get to New York. They thought when they once got there they should have no more trouble. They thought it the finest place in the world; and they kept talking about getting to New York all the time. They said they wanted to see what kind of people the Yankees were. They thought them very droll people.

"We were six weeks and three days on the passage, and we were all tired, and wanted to get to land. When we came near to the harbour of New York, I remember a pilot came on board, and the people said he was a Yankee, and I ran and told my mother I had seen a Yankee. But I didn't see that he was very different from other people. When we came up the harbour, I remember it was dreadful hot.

"When we got to the dock, we saw all sorts of people crowding around, and they asked us to go to their boarding-house. The cook on board the ship had given us a card to a boarding-house, and we agreed to go where he told us. We found the people ready

to take our baggage on the wharf, and we supposed we were going to a nice place. We landed in South Street, I think, somewhere near Beekman Street, and we went not far to the boarding-house, which was in Cherry Street. It was not a good place, and mother did not like it. After they got us there they charged very high—a shilling a meal for each of us. They sold liquor there all the time, and played cards all night in the bar-room. We had one room by ourselves up-stairs; but my step-father stayed down in the bar-room till late at night, and sometimes all night—drinking and playing cards. My mother could not get him up to her room. Sometimes he would not come up for the whole day and night. He got drunk almost every day, and they soon got all his money away from him, but mother had some little money besides.

"My mother did not like the place, and she tried to get away. She felt very badly and cried sometimes, and said she was sorry she had ever left England. After staying in the boarding-house a week or two, she persuaded my step-father to go out and hire rooms, for she wanted to get away. He

went out, and after a while came back and said he had got a nice place. We thought it must be a nice house; so we went to see it. It was at No. —, Cherry Street. We thought it would be some light upper rooms, and very pleasant; but when we got there, mother was disappointed to find that he had hired two rooms down in a basement, (we call them cellars in England,) where it was dark and did not look pleasant. I never saw such a place to live in before. We did not want to go there, but mother could not help it, for she had but little money, and she wanted to get away from the boarding-house. So we moved all our things there, and began to keep house.

"There was a store over our rooms. The steps down from the street were steep. My mother always looked sad and unhappy after this. She did not tell me much about her feelings; but I could see she felt badly, for she had not been used to living so, and she did not expect to live so when she got to America. And my step-father was away almost all the time, drinking in the shops and stores. He said he tried to find work, but could not get it. He soon went to

Philadelphia to get work; and after he had been there some time, he wrote to my mother that he could not get work, and that he wanted her to send him some money. But she had no money to send him; for she needed all the money for ourselves.

"My mother had to work hard to get enough to live on and pay the rent. She got caps to make of a Jew in Mott Street, and I used to go up after them for my mother. She worked very hard, but she was sick, and looked pale and thin. And my brother Johnny was always sick after we came to the basement. His legs swelled badly in the hot weather, and he hardly could stand on them. He used to be sulky, and go up and sit on the steps of the store in the sun. Sometimes the man in the store would not let him stay there, and would drive him down into the basement. During this summer my mother kept getting worse, and she was not able to earn so much by sewing as before.

"My step-father did not do any thing to help her. He came back from Philadelphia in a few weeks; but he spent most of his time away from home, in the stores and drinking shops around there. My mother

had to earn all the money to support us; when her money was gone, she began to pawn her best things. She pawned her watch, and then a plaid dress, then a scarf, then a satin scarf and shawl, and almost all her nice clothes, until almost every thing she had was gone. She expected to get them out again when she got money; but she never got them back. She had a few nice things which she did not pawn. She one day took out of a box a breast-pin and some rings; and she said she did not expect ever to wear them, but they would do for me some time, but I never saw them again. She seemed sick and unhappy. She did not find it here, in this country, as she had expected. Johnny was sick, and my step-father was often drunk, and getting all the money he could from my mother. She would often cry when we were alone in the evening, and I would cry too.

"I helped my mother a little. I went after the caps for her to make, and took them back again to the Jew when they were finished. I think my mother was a good woman, for she used to read the Bible with me every day; and she taught

me to pray, and prayed with me every night.

"After we had been in Cherry Street about six months, I should think, a woman came to live in the house, overhead, who had the ship-fever, and Johnny took it. He kept getting worse and worse, and the people said he ought to go to the hospital.

"The people in the house wanted to get him away. He felt very badly, and did not want to go away from his mother. But they told him he would get well if he went there; and they kept talking to him, and telling him he must go, and then he said he would go. He had to go up to the City Hall to get a permit to go to Ward's Island. The man who kept the store took him upon his dray, and I went with him. Mother was so sick she could not go. Johnny never saw his mother after this.

"When we got to the City Hall, we had to stay a long time waiting, with a great many more, to find out whether he could go. I sat with him on the bench and tried to comfort him. He did not mind much—he was so sick. When they got ready to go, they put him into a long, covered wagon, with seats

on each side, with a great many more who were going up. I stayed to see them drive off. He went all alone, for he did not know anybody who went with him.

"He was then, I suppose, eight or nine years old. I felt sorry to have him go off all alone so, but I couldn't help it. His limbs were swollen very badly, and so was his head; and he looked sick and tired, as if he did not care for any thing. But I expected he would get well and come home again, and that we should live together once more."

Thus early did Maria begin to taste the bitter woes of an emigrant life. Her young heart, which had known no sorrow, now began to suffer. A few months before, she was in a home of plenty and happiness. Now, disappointment, sickness, and poverty were her portion! No more pleasant rambles through the sweet fields—no more flowers—no gazing or watching the beautiful clouds or the soft blue sky. No more singing of birds at early morning—no more lessons from a loved grandmother's lips. No more access to that little chamber where

she so often kneeled beside her little white bed. Other sounds greet her ears—other sights now meet her eyes!

How sad are the sorrows of the poor emigrant—especially of the wife or daughter! First comes the sad disappointment. They have imagined that they are coming to a sort of earthly paradise, where no want will ever be known. But the moment they put their feet on our shore the delusion vanishes. If they are not left houseless and friendless on the docks, their first experience is with the emigrant runners. Then come the miseries of the emigrant boarding-houses, which are often the filthy haunts of infamy, and too generally filled with inducements to drunkenness and gambling. There they are often plundered of all their slender means, and perhaps of all virtue and principle. Then comes a home in some miserable street: men, women, and children crowded together, breathing the fetid air of one or two apartments in a basement. Then the search for work — travelling wearily day after day—no work to be found, unless the most menial, and often none at all.

Disappointed, poverty-stricken, and dis-

heartened, a stranger in a strange land, the poor emigrant is now almost ruined. He is burdened with a family, with no means to remove from the over-crowded city.

Disappointment makes him desperate, and he becomes a victim of intemperance. Now the wife and children begin their toil by sewing and begging. They become paupers, — perhaps criminals. Self-respect is gone. They soon become morally and physically debased, and so they live on, in poverty and vice, until the pestilence overtakes them, and they pass away to the pauper's grave! Such is the course of thousands and tens of thousands who were respectable persons when they came to this country, with good habits and associations, industrious and honest. They may be seeking a better heritage foı their children; but when they settle in our great cities, they come to almost certain ruin.

Should the care of this mighty throng of foreigners landing on our shores be left to the civil authorities? Why should we not have benevolent Christian associations on a large scale, labouring for the moral and physical condition of the emigrants; meet-

ing them on our docks, affording them protection, warning them to go at once to the country, and to shun the crowded streets of our cities as they value health, happiness, or life? Let them be directed to our wide, uncultivated Western regions, where they can provide homes for themselves and their little ones.

We have millions of acres of land—the finest in the world—to be had for a mere nominal price, inviting cultivation, and repaying the labourer a hundred-fold for his honourable toil; while in our cities, swarming thousands are starving, clamouring in vain for labour, even for the most menial service.

Our's is the land of freedom and plenty, education and morality; and yet it is the land of destruction to many a poor emigrant, morally and physically. The reason is, that they settle in our great cities, where they and their children become demoralized by the evil influences which surround them. The cure is an open Bible and free schools, and a home on our wide uncultivated territories, where the husbandman receives the reward of his labour.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOSPITAL.

Sorrows now began to thicken around our young friend. With a sick mother—living in a basement—a drunken step-father—her twin-brother and only companion gone and lying sick in the hospital!

As she passed, during that first summer, day by day, from Cherry Street to Mott Street, with the caps which her feeble mother's hand had made, every thing must have seemed very different from what she had been accustomed to in old England. She feels a sense of degradation, because she knows people look upon her as a child of poverty. Her clothes are not as nice and clean as they used to be. That desire to make a respectable appearance in neatness and good taste, so important to a well-bred little girl, is offended. Her keen perception discerns, in the contrast with all around her, and in the cold and disdainful look of other

children, that she is degraded. She is not the well-dressed, happy, fondly-loved little child she used to be. Day after day these delicate feelings of her nature are wounded. She is beginning to learn how to suffer. She says—

"My brother went to the hospital five or six months, I should think, after we came over. In about two weeks after he went, I was taken sick with the ship-fever. We had no doctor and no medicine, and we were in a bad place in the basement, and I kept getting worse; and the people were afraid to have me in the house, and they told me I could not get well unless I went to the hospital. All I remember about it is, that my step-father took me away from my mother, and carried me in his arms out of doors, and put me on a dray which the store-keeper above owned, and they drove me down to the boat which goes to Staten Island. My step-father did not go down to the island with me, but left me alone on the ferry-boat. There was somebody on the boat who took care of the sick who were going to the quarantine hospital.

"There were a good many other sick peo-

ple who went down with me in the same boat. I was so weak and sick that I don't remember much about the hospital; only that I was in a long, narrow room, with beds on each side standing with the heads towards the wall. There were a great many sick people there, and I remember seeing one girl, very near me, die, and I felt terribly. I was alone and quite sick. I could not bear to stay there. I was longing to see my mother; and I kept asking the doctor every day that I might be sent home. I got better after I had stayed there a week or two; but I was very weak and pale. I felt so badly, and cried to see my mother so much, that the doctor then said I might go back to New York. There were two or three girls coming up one morning from the hospital, and they said they would take care of me. They had never been in New York, but they thought they could find where I lived. I was sick, and near falling down in going to the ferry from the hospital. We all came up in the ferry-boat together; but when we got to the dock at the Battery, the girls did not know where to go to get to Cherry Street, and I did not know the way.

So we went walking around, asking people, and trying to find it. But we got lost, and wandered all around a long time through different streets. I got so tired and weak that I could not see any thing, hardly. It was in the summer, and it was very warm walking in the hot sun, and I thought I should fall down. At last we thought we should have to give up finding Cherry Street. Just then I looked up a street, and saw the place where I used to go with the caps, which was in Mott Street, a little way above Chatham Street, and then I knew where we were, and that we were in Chatham Street, and I told the girls I knew the way home; but they did not believe me at first, and asked me how I knew. And I told them about the cap-store which the Jew kept, and which way I used to go home down Roosevelt Street. Then they believed me, and let me go home alone. I crossed over and went part way down Roosevelt Street; but I was so weak I could not go any farther, and I had to sit down on a door-step; and it seemed as if I could never go on again. When I was rested a little, I went on to Cherry Street, wishing so much to see my

mother; and when I got where we lived, I stood at the stairs of the basement, but I could not go down; I was afraid of falling—I was so weak. The people in the upper part of the house were looking out of the windows, and wondered to see me back so soon.

"My step-father was down in the basement, whittling out a little boat or ship, or some such thing. When he saw me, he came up and carried me down, and laid me on the bed. I felt very sick, and I was so tired, and heated, and worn out, that it brought on the fever again.

"I looked around and did not find my mother. 'Where is my mother?' I asked. My step-father said she had got the fever, too; and had gone to Ward's Island, where Johnny was. I can't tell how I felt then. It seemed as if I should die. I was all alone with my step-father in that miserable cellar. He said they ought not to have let me come from the hospital.

"That night I had a dreadful fever, and there was no one but him to take care of me. He said I kept tossing about, was talking wild all night, and kept wanting 'my mother!

my mother!' all the time; but I did not know any thing about it. And I don't remember any thing more until I found myself at the hospital on Ward's Island, in one of the children's wards. My step-father said I was at home two days, but I was so sick with the fever that they did not dare to have me there, and he had me brought up to the hospital on Ward's Island. I just remember the evening when I came to the island; they took me into one of the children's wards. It was a small, white, wooden building, with one story, and had only one long room, full of sick children on narrow beds. I was very sick with the fever, and did not mind much for a week or so after I got there. My head felt badly. When I began to get a little better, and noticed things, I talked a little to the nurse who took care of me. She was very kind to me. I asked her if she knew where my mother was, and told her my mother's name, and that she was somewhere at the hospital. But she did not know her. I kept asking the doctor, and everybody, where my mother was, but they always told me she was not there. I never could find her, or hear about her. I sup-

pose they were afraid to tell me all about her. I thought that she had got well and gone back to New York; and I thought I should get well soon, and go back to her; and I kept hoping this, night and day.

"When I was a little better, one morning, as I was sitting up, I looked around through the room. There were little children and babies sick on every bed, I should think fifty or sixty of them; and, at the other end of the room, there was my little brother Johnny, sitting up, too! He looked sick and unhappy. I called the nurse and told her that was my brother. She would not believe me at first; but I asked her to ask him his name, and she went over and asked him, but he wouldn't say any thing. He did not seem to notice. She then pointed over to me, and said, 'Who is that little girl over there? Do you know her name?' He looked over to me, and a smile came over his face, and he said, '*It is Maria*, my sister!' He knew me at once.

"When I began to get a little better, I longed to see my mother; I wanted her to take care of me, and I had not seen her for so long. But I could not hear of her from any

one. I used to think then of my old home in England with my grandfather.

"One night I dreamed I had gone back, and saw my grandfather, my grandmother, and my aunt; and that I was living again with them, as happy as I used to be. It seemed as if all my troubles were over. When I woke up in the morning, I wondered to find myself in the hospital. I was disappointed when I found it all a dream.

"It looked not very pleasant all round me in the daytime, for there were so many children sick and crying with pain, and they all looked sad. I soon got so well that I could sit up by my brother's bed, and I used to be with him most of the day, and give him his food and medicine. One day he got up from his bed and seemed pretty well. The nurse let him sit in the easy-chair, and they took the bandage off his legs, and he walked around a little. But he soon began to feel worse, and his legs commenced swelling again, and grew cold, and he had to go to bed again. He never got up after that. When I would sit by him he did not talk much. He wanted to go back to mother, and he kept asking every day for mother.

'Where is mother? Won't mother come and see me?'"

Poor, suffering children! Alone, sick in a hospital; yearning for a mother's gentle voice and affectionate sympathy! But there was no mother there! "I told Johnny I thought mother was in New York, and when he got better he might go and see her again. After I had been there about two or three weeks, I took a third fever. Being among the sick so much, I suppose, brought it on. But I got better of this soon, and then they sent me out of the sick-room into the nursery, where the well children stay, and go to school, for fear I would be sick again. The nursery was right across the way from the ward where I was sick. After the school was over every afternoon, and before school in the morning, I used to go over and sit beside Johnny. He was very pale and thin. He kept getting worse and worse, but I did not know how bad he was. He would ask me where mother was, but I could not tell him, for I did not know. Sometimes he would call out for mother when he was asleep, and put out his hands and feel after her.

"One morning, when I came in from the nursery to see him, the nurse told me he was dead. She said he had died in the night, and that no one was up watching that night. So he died all alone in the dark." (And here the poor child burst into tears as she was relating it.) "The nurse said he cried out in the night for some one. She thought it was for his mother; but he had to die all alone, without his mother, for she was already dead, but I did not know it then. I went and sat by his bed. He was cold, and pale, and thin; he had been sick so long. I sat by him, crying, until they came in for him. I saw them put him into a coffin and carry him away."

"Did you attend his funeral?"

"Oh, they don't have any funerals for them that die there. I heard them say they carried him to some island, near there, I believe, to bury him. I was left all alone then. I did not know what would become of me. I was kept in the nursery with the children. I wanted to get away and come to New York to see my mother, but they would not let me go. I feared I should never get away. I thought I

should have to stay there until I was grown up.

"People sometimes come there to get children to take as their own. One day a lady came to take a little girl to bring up. All the girls were together up in the nursery, and she looked over them all, and she chose me. I wanted to go, that I might get away. But they would not let me go, because they thought I had friends who might come for me. A few days after, the lady came again, and wanted me, but they would not let me go.

"I tried to learn about my mother every day. I felt very badly that I could not go to her, and I was afraid I should always have to stay there among the poor children, and I kept asking every one how I could get away.

"I used to think then of what a nice home I had with my grandmother; and I never forgot the Lord's Prayer, which she taught me, and I used to say it every night in the hospital, except when I was too sick. It seemed hard for me to be so sick so much, and away from my mother. I knew God did it, and I don't think I ever felt that he was unkind to me.

"For two or three weeks after my brother

died I stayed in the nursery. One day, when I was going up-stairs, after dinner, I heard some one call out 'Maria!' at the door at the foot of the stairs behind me. I knew the voice. It was my step-father's. I felt all at once stunned, and I was blind for a minute and could not see. I did not know what was the matter with me; I suppose now that it was because I was so glad to get away. I knew he had come for me. He said he was going to take me home, and told me to get ready at once. I was delighted to think I was going home to my mother. I hurried and got all my things in a few minutes, and started out of the nursery with him. As we were going out, I told him that Johnny had died. And then my step-father said my mother was dead, too. I stopped, and began to cry. He said, 'Hush! there is no use in crying now. Your mother died there;' pointing to a hospital right opposite to where we were. It was the first I heard of her since I went to Quarantine Hospital. She died close to where I had been sick and where Johnny died, and we never knew it!"

Maria says that the nurses were kind to her in the hospital, but that no one spoke

gently to her of her soul, or words of Christian sympathy, during the long weeks she was confined there. Her little brother died without any such comfort, and probably her mother heard no words of hope and heaven from pious lips in her last hours.

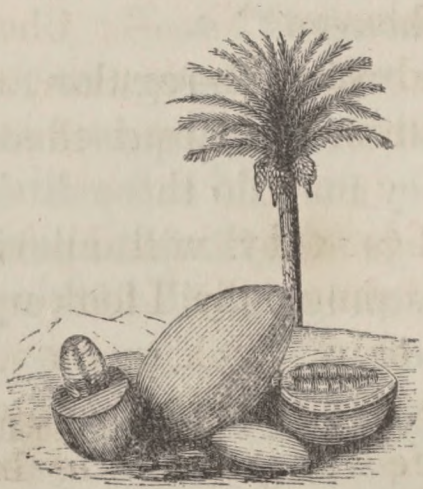
In the name of these little sufferers, we appeal to the young Christians in our great cities, whose hearts burn with the desire to do good, to listen to the voice of wailing as it comes up night and day from these abodes of sorrow. Will they not visit these suffering orphans in their affliction, speak gentle words of encouragement to them, give them a pleasant smile, talk to them of the blessed Saviour who loved little children, point them to the Lamb of God who died for them, and teach the fatherless to say "Our Father who art in heaven?"

Let their visits be regular and frequent, and they will soon be surprised at the amount of good they may do these little ones, and the sufferings they will alleviate. Soon these little strangers will look upon them as angels of mercy,

'And they an angel's happiness shall know."

They may soothe the dying hours of many a little orphan, and others they may awake from the lethargy of death to life and joy again. Their presence will always shed a gleam of sunlight and gladness upon those sad, pale faces. How many who weep over imaginary sufferings, or over the sorrows of some particular class, or over the woes of the human race, and long to alleviate them, might here find their abilities and their sympathies fully tasked!

"When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingled with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied."



CHAPTER VII.

THE LITTLE WORKERS.

MARIA left Ward's Island an orphan. Her mother and brother had found their resting-place in Potters'-field, where strangers are buried. She had just heard of her mother's death. She says—

"I went with my step-father across the river in a boat, and then we took a stage on the Third Avenue and came down to Franklin Square. I asked where he was going to take me, and he said he had got a place for me to live with Mrs. Dougherty, who kept a boarding-house at No. —, Cherry Street. Her husband was a shoemaker, and worked in the basement. I went there with my step-father.

"I know I looked thin and pale, and every one thought I should die. I felt very wretched, and wanted to go back again to England. I used to talk to my step-father about it. He said he wanted to go back to Ireland, too,

and he would go and take a passage. A few days after we came back from Ward's Island, he pretended to go down to South Street to get a passage for us back to Ireland. He went down, but he did not get a passage—something prevented it that day—I don't know what; and then he spent his money, and he never had enough afterwards to pay for a passage, and so I lost all hopes of getting back. I never wanted to go to Ireland, for I never exactly liked Irish people; but I hoped in some way, if I got to Ireland, to get back to England to my grandfather's.

"My step-father did not have much work while I was in the hospital. He had got back the things my mother had pawned, and he *sold them again*, and got more money. He sold all my clothes and my books, all the presents my grandmother gave me, and spent the money in drink. I had a pretty transparent slate, on which I used to draw, and which I liked very much; he sold this, and my Bible, too, which was a present from my grandmother. My step-father was a Catholic, and would never let me read the Bible. He said when people came to this country they must read such books as they

had here;- and that they had other books here, and didn't read the Bible. He sold all the furniture my mother had, and I never saw any thing of her's, nor any of her clothes, or any of my clothes, after I came out of the hospital, except those I then had on.

"I was very fond of my marking-slate, and of working worsted on samplers, but he sold them all, or gave them away. Somebody told me, that he used to have mother's things out of the trunks while she was in the hospital, and the people around would carry them off when he did not know it.

"When I first went to Mrs. Dougherty's, she kept a number of boarders, and lived very well until she got sick. She used to have convulsions, and grieved after her children who were in Ireland; and she was sorry she came here at all. She came over here without them, thinking she could send money to bring them over. But she was sickly, and could not get the money. After she came here she married this Mr. Dougherty, who was a shoemaker. I used to help her about house, and to wash the dishes. In a few months after I went there, she sent me out to pick up wood. She said other little girls

did it, and I could as well as they. She had a dreadful temper, and I was afraid of her. If I did the least thing out of the way, she would call me names, and get mad at me, and strike me sometimes. Her husband used to torment her. He did not care about her. He was not kind to her, and sometimes, when he worried her, she would go out and sit in the snow and say she wished she could die. But he did not care about that.

"Mrs. Dougherty made me sew, and treated me pretty well for a while. After I had been with her a year or so, she got sick, and they sent her to the hospital, where she stayed a week or two, I should think. While she was gone, her husband went and sold all her things—her beds and furniture—to another person who went into the house; and Dougherty went into the basement to live, and boarded in the same house, and I stayed there too. When Mrs. Dougherty came back, she found her house had been sold out, and all her things sold. She seemed to give up. She and he then left Cherry Street and went into a basement in Catharine Street, and I went with them. Her husband then went away and left her for a few months,

and did nothing for her. She went to live then in a basement in Park Place, and her husband came back and lived with her there, and he worked at his trade for a time.

"Mrs. Dougherty used to make me get the wood every day; and I learned to sew, and worked on coarse shirts. She treated me pretty well, only she was very cross. About three years ago, I should think, her husband went away and left her, and has never been back since, and has never given her any money. About this time she moved into No. — Pearl Street, where she has lived ever since.

"About this time she began to sell fruit and candy, and I now began to work very hard. It must have been two years and a half ago, I should think. My step-father did not see me very often, and he never gave me any clothes or any money, but left me to old Mrs. Dougherty.

"From that time, until Mr. C—— took me, I had to work every day, selling fruit and candy. The old woman would make me get up at about daylight, summer and winter, and we would go both of us down to the market without our breakfast. She

would buy two baskets of fruit, apples or peaches, and take the baskets to the corner of the church, or Lovejoy's Hotel, where she would leave me to sell the fruit, and go home to get breakfast. When she got her breakfast she would come out and take my place, and I would go home and get my breakfast. We always had enough to eat. After breakfast I would come back and take the basket of apples or peaches, and go around to sell them. She would make me travel all day. I used to go into the Park, to Lovejoy's Hotel, then all along Park Row to Broadway, down Broadway as far as John Street, and down John, Ann, and Fulton Streets, into the hotels and shops. They would not allow us to go into the Astor House. It seemed very hard at first for me to go around so, for I was barefoot in the summer, and I was at first ashamed to go into the stores, and I got another girl to go in with me until I got used to it. But Mrs. Dougherty made me go. She said other girls as good as I did it, and as I had no other home but with her, I had to do it.

"She would bring out my dinner to me into the Park at noon, sometimes, and then I

would have to go on the same way all the afternoon, until dark. Some days I sold two baskets of peaches or apples, and then I made four or six shillings. This was the way I did every day for two years. I had a great many customers who knew me. I did not know their names, but I knew their faces. She always counted out the fruit for me every day, and told me exactly how much I must sell them for. After I got home at night I had to go around to get a basket of chips and wood to burn for the next day. I generally got it in new buildings in Beekman Street. Sometimes I had to go a great ways for it when I was very tired. When I got the wood, then I sewed with Mrs. Dougherty on shirts until ten o'clock, when we went to bed. During these two years I think I worked every day, Sundays and all, in this way. I never had a play-day, and never went to church. I always had to work on Sunday. I was generally sitting on Sunday opposite the church or in the Park. It made no difference how cold it was, or whether it rained or snowed. When it rained, I generally went to the corner of Broadway and

Vesey Street, under an awning. I sold more on such very bad days, when no one else was out, and that was the reason the old woman made me go out. I always had to go out on the streets the coldest days in the winter, and stay all day.

"The old woman would scold at me and whip me if I did not. When I came home at night, we used to have very little fire, because the old woman got all her coal given to her from the City Hall, and she was very sparing of it.

"I used to tell her that I did not want to go out on Sunday, that I knew it was not right; but she said it was not so bad for poor folks to work on Sunday as for other people; and she would scold at me, and say that I was a lazy, good-for-nothing girl, and did not know how much she had done for me. She always tried to make me think that I ought to work for her until I was grown up, to pay her for taking care of me; and she said she had done a great deal for me. Sometimes I would miss a good bargain, because I could not sell a little cheaper to anybody who would take a good many; but if I did take any less, she would

find it out when I came home, and then she would search me to see if I had not hid the money. I never did deceive her; but she used often to whip me when I came home, because I had not money enough.

"Sometimes a boy would steal away some of my apples, and sometimes they would not hold out according to her count, and then the old woman would get very angry with me, and search my pockets or whip me. If I did not sell enough she would get angry, and call me lazy, and say I did not care to sell for her; that I cared for other people more than for her. If any one ever gave me money, she would take it away from me. I remember, one morning, two gentlemen, in the Clinton Hotel, talked to me. I was barefoot. They seemed to be French-like. They asked me if I had a father and mother. I told them no. They then gave me a shilling a-piece; but the old woman took it away from me at night. At another time, a gentleman in the Exchange Office, in Lovejoy's Hotel, gave me, on New Year's day, two shillings; but the old woman found it out, and she took that away from me, and pretended she was going to buy something

with it for me; but I never heard of it again, and I got tired of asking her for it.

"The old woman was sickly, and her temper grew worse and worse every month. She got so during the last year, that she scolded at me almost all the time I was at home. She would scold at me for not getting up early enough in the morning, and call me all sorts of bad names. I had to get up before five o'clock in the morning. Almost every day she would make out something wrong when I came home from selling fruit.

"All her trouble and sickness only made her more cross to me. She was furious if I said I did not want to do what she wanted me to. She would whip me one, two, or three times a week, and perhaps more. When she was angry, she would catch up a stick of kindling-wood and strike me on my arms or back, or she would strike me with her hands. She has often knocked me down by striking me with her hand on the side of my head. If I cried out very loud, it only made her so much the worse. The neighbours would hear me cry; but she talked so much and so loud that they did not like to say any thing to her.

"There was a Scotchman, a shoemaker, on the same floor, and he used to tell me to run away from her; that it was too bad for her to whip me so, and that she had no right to me. Sometimes, when she was scolding me, I would tell her I would go away from her. She would say I could not get away; that my step-father gave me up to her, and I must stay and pay her for her trouble with me. Sometimes she said I might go if I wanted to. Once I asked her for my clothes, and said I would go; but she never gave them to me, and, of course, I could not go without them. Sometimes she was so furious I was afraid of her. I was afraid to tell anybody how she treated me, for she said she would whip me if I told anybody about her in any way. Once, in Pearl Street, I remember, late one Saturday night, she wanted me to go up to Mulberry Street to get some cakes and candy for to sell on Sunday. I was very tired, for I had been out all day, and then, when I got home, I had every Saturday to get a double quantity of wood for Sunday, and to wash up the floor afterwards. It was near ten o'clock, and I told her I was tired and did not want

to go. She got angry, and ran at me and struck me with her hand on the head and knocked me down, called me a lazy girl and indecent names. This was not long before Mr. C—— took me away. Once she hurt my head, and I was sick for some days, and after that she was careful not to hurt my face or bruise it when she whipped me, because when I went out it would show. I often asked her to let me go and live with some person, but she would say I was well enough off; that many a one was not so well off as I, and that nobody would give me my board and clothes for what I could do; and she always told me not to say to any one I wanted to get away; that if I did she would whip me.

"I never had any new clothes while I was with her. She used to make me dresses out of her old ones; and sometimes she would buy me second-hand ones at the shops. But I was generally very cold in the winter, by being out all day long in the streets, and often when I went home there was no fire. During all this time my step-father never came near me. He was away somewhere, and he never gave me any thing."

Thus was this poor bereaved child doomed to bondage and misery. Hard toil from five o'clock in the morning until ten at night, from month to month, summer and winter, was her lot. Her toil was unceasing. No Sunday, no rest, no holiday! All the desires of the child for youthful sport were checked. No home cheered her at night; no mother's face, no brother's or sister's welcome. It was hard—it was cruel, but it did not degrade her. Labour is always respectable. The honest labour of the poor children in the city of New York is always touching. These little things are striving for subsistence—often for the subsistence of a widowed and disabled mother, and younger brothers and sisters—grappling with the sternest realities of life, and disdaining to beg. Speak gently to these little workers. Aid them by a kind word as well as by patronage. Do not send them roughly from your door. Encourage them to honesty and industry. A harsh word may drive to madness some despairing stranger who is seeking an honest livelihood, or may chill the heart of some poor distressed child—not begging, but manfully struggling for a loaf of bread.

It is terrible to think that by a harsh word, thoughtlessly uttered, we may crush a wounded spirit. An inquiry into their circumstances and trials, and a word of sympathy will often cheer a fainting heart, and perhaps save from a life of crime or shame.

"I never had scarcely a person speak kindly to me in the streets for three years, or inquire about me and my circumstances, except one or two men in hotels, when I went in, barefoot, on cold, rainy days. No person ever asked me where I lived, whether I went to Sunday-school, or if I could read, until Mr. C—— asked me, on Sunday morning."

Let him who would do good in a humble yet most efficient way, follow the little freezing beggar, with tears in her eyes—the little match-pedler telling his story of a sick mother—the boy asking for a job—the street-sweeper asking for a penny—the woman with her perishing children—let him follow these to their miserable homes. Let him, when he finds real suffering and real worth,

speak a word of consolation and encouragement--furnish a little food and fuel, and a warm garment or two for half-naked children — then bring a Bible — then lead the child to the nearest Sunday-school. Such a man would be surprised, at the end of a year, to see what he had done. He would certainly find many cases of imposition. But among these suffering, ragged, forlorn children he would find many a brave little hero, whose life was a battle. He would often find examples of piety and resignation in the hovels of destitution, which would elevate his own faith and humble his heart. He would learn to respect labour, and to feel for the tempted. He would find a tide of new and generous sympathies filling his heart, increasing his happiness, and elevating his nature. He would see fearful contrasts between his own lot and that of others, between the happiness of his own children and that of thousands around him, which would fill his soul with thankfulness to the God of providence.

Almost any day, in the streets of New York, you may see a little boy, eleven years

old, who was driven away from his home by a drunken father and a cruel step-mother. His father was once a very respectable man, and left England when Johnny was quite young. After his mother's death his father came to this country, and here fell into bad company, and married a bad woman, and became a drunkard. His father and step-mother banished him from home. He is sickly and lame; yet for a long time past he has traversed the streets, selling pens, pencils, picture-books, pins, matches, &c.; and by this means he pays for his lodging at the newsboys' lodging-house, and buys his meals at an eating-cellar in Fulton Street. An honest worker is lame Johnny! But he is more than this: he is a noble boy! He has a little brother, Willie, only five years old, who has also been driven away from home, and him has Johnny received and provided for. He has employed Willie in trade, until now this little fellow traverses New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Jersey City, alone, prosecuting his lawful business with as much confidence and shrewdness as a man, making sometimes four shillings a day. Johnny counsels him,

restrains him from waywardness and wicked companions. This little Willie is a brave boy. Hear a little of his conversation with us:—

"Willie, why did you go away from home?"

"Because I be's licked every day for nothing, and mother makes me go a-begging."

"Is not your father kind to you?"

"Yes, sometimes, when he ain't drunk; but he gets drunk every day, and so does my mother, and then they licks me for every thing."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, I have a sister older than Johnny, who picks up cold victuals, and one little brother who can't walk. He sits on the floor all the time, and my mother licks him all the time, most, for crying; and if he cries when he is hungry, he gets a licking too, with a strap."

"What are you going to do, Willie, when you are grown up?"

"When I get bigger, I am going to get my little brother away, as Johnny got me, and take care of him."

"What do you do with the money you make?"

"I gives it to Johnny. He buys other things with it."

"Johnny is very good to you, isn't he?"

"Yes: he takes me to Mr. C——'s Sunday-school. But Johnny is sick, and the boys say he won't live long. He's got a sore on his leg which makes him lame, and the doctor be's trying to cure it, but can't."

"Where do you sleep, Willie?"

"I sleeps at the lodging-house, if I get in before they lock up; but sometimes I get locked out, and then I walk about the streets, sometimes, if it is cold, all night; and sometimes I sleep on a cart, or in a box."

"How much do you spend every day?"

"I give sixpence for my lodging, and I give ninepence for a cup of coffee and meat for breakfast; and I buy a sixpence-worth of bread and butter for my dinner, and take it with me; and I don't get much supper."

"Can you read, Willie?"

"Not much, but Johnny can; he goes to day-school every day, and takes me, sometimes, but I get to sleep there. I don't like school much."

So talked Willie, the little pedler, nine years old.

Johnny, we hope, is in the way to be a Christian. He is always at Sunday-school, and frequently brings new scholars with him. He attends a day-school regularly, and yet supports himself by peddling before and after school.

He is seeking a place in the country for Willie, for he says Willie is getting with bad boys, who get his money away from him.

Such is the brief history of one of our little worthies. Who is labouring more nobly, or doing his duty more faithfully, than lame Johnny? You may meet him about the streets of New York, daily. Be kind to him. Speak gently to him, and aid him—for he is working hard for a noble purpose — how much more noble and acceptable to God than the aims of thousands in our city, whose richly-freighted vessels are in our harbours, whose merchandise occupies our stores, and whose gold and silver fill the vaults of our great commercial metropolis!

From among these working boys it is possible, by proper selection and encouragement, to find good clerks and apprentices. Who are more energetic and enterprising

among our men of business, than self-made men, who have risen from poverty and hardship? It may be asked, how can we systematically reach and aid this class of children?

Take one of these boys, and train him up to your own business.

Let every church in the city regard the care of these poor children as a great duty, and provide some means, by mission schools, or otherwise, for their amelioration.

Sunday-schools, by means of their missionary agents, or otherwise, must endeavour to provide homes in the country for a certain number of these children, every year.

Let each Christian and philanthropist remove at least one of these destitute ones every year to a home in the country.

Let the Sunday-schools in the country cooperate in this work, by seeking places for such children in their own vicinity.

Let Christian families in the country take one of these boys or girls, and bring them up religiously. These children can always be found by proper application to the institutions that now provide for them.

Suppose that each of the two hundred

Sunday-schools connected with the New York Sunday-school Union should thus provide each year for ten of these poor children—which would be not less than two thousand children each year—who can compute the good which might thus be done by this simple means?

This sympathy with human suffering is not religion—it is not faith; but it is the fruit of faith—it is an effect of religion. It is in imitation of Christ. He went about "healing every sickness and every disease among the people."

"But when he saw the multitude, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd."

"And he said, I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with me now three days, and have nothing to eat. I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way."

"He that hath not the spirit of Christ is none of his."

There is force and truth in the following poem, written by a working-man, who knew and felt the sorrows of the poor:

"God help the poor, who in this wintry morn
Come forth from alleys dim and courts obscure!
God help yon poor, pale girl, who droops forlorn,
And meekly her affliction doth endure!
God help her, outcast lamb! She trembling stands—
All wan her lips, and frozen red her hands;
Her sunken eyes are modestly downcast;
Her night-black hair streams on the fitful blast;
Her bosom, passing fair, is half-reveal'd,
And oh! so cold, the snow lies there congeal'd;
Her feet benumb'd, her shoes all rent and worn!
God help thee, outcast lamb, who stands forlorn!
God help the poor!

"God help the poor! An infant's feeble wail
Comes from yon narrow gateway; and, behold!
A female crouching there, so deathly pale,
Huddling her child to screen it from the cold.
Her vesture scant, her bonnet crush'd and torn;
A thin shawl doth her baby dear enfold;
And so she bides the ruthless gale of morn,
Which almost to her heart hath sent its cold.
And now she sudden darts a ravening look,
As one with new hot bread goes past the nook;
And as the tempting load is onward borne,
She weeps. God help the hapless one forlorn!
God help the poor!

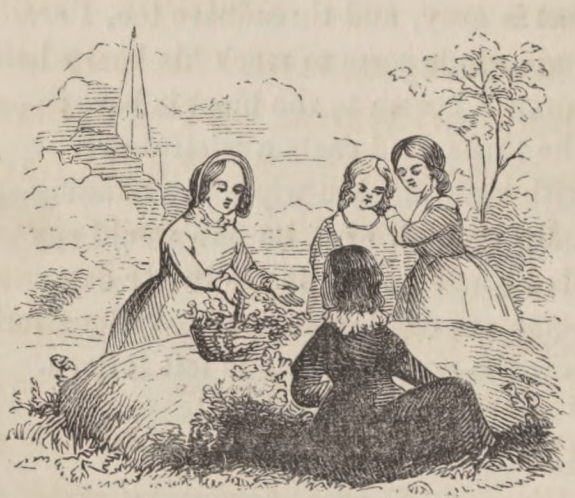
"God help the poor! Behold yon famish'd lad!
No shoes nor hose his wounded feet protect.
With limping gait, and looks so dreamy sad,
He wanders onward, stopping to inspect

Each window stored with articles of food.
He yearns but to enjoy one cheering meal.
Oh! to the hungry palate viands rude
Would yield a zest the famish'd only feel!
He now devours a crust of mouldy bread;
With teeth and hands the precious boon is torn,
Unmindful of the storm that round his head
Impetuous sweeps. God help the child forlorn!
God help the poor!

"God help the poor! Another have I found;
A bowed and venerable man is he.
His slouched hat with faded crape is bound;
His coat is gray, and threadbare too, I see.
The rude winds seem to mock his hoary hair;
His shirtless bosom to the blast is bare;
Anon he turns, and casts a wistful eye,
And with scant napkin wipes the blinding spray,
And looks around, as if he fain would spy
Friends he had feasted in his better day.
Ah! some are dead, and some have long forborne
To know the poor; and he is left forlorn.
God help the poor!

"God help the poor who in lone valleys dwell,
Or by far hills, where whin and heather grow!
Their's is a story sad indeed to tell.
Yet little cares the world, and less 'twould know,
About the toil and want men undergo.
The wearying loom doth call them up at morn:
They work till worn-out nature sinks to sleep;
They taste, but are not fed. The snow drifts deep

Around the fireless cot, and blocks the door;
The night-storm howls a dirge across the moor.
And shall they perish thus, oppressed and lorn?
Shall toil and famine hopeless still be borne?
No! God shall yet arise, and help the poor!"



CHAPTER VIII.

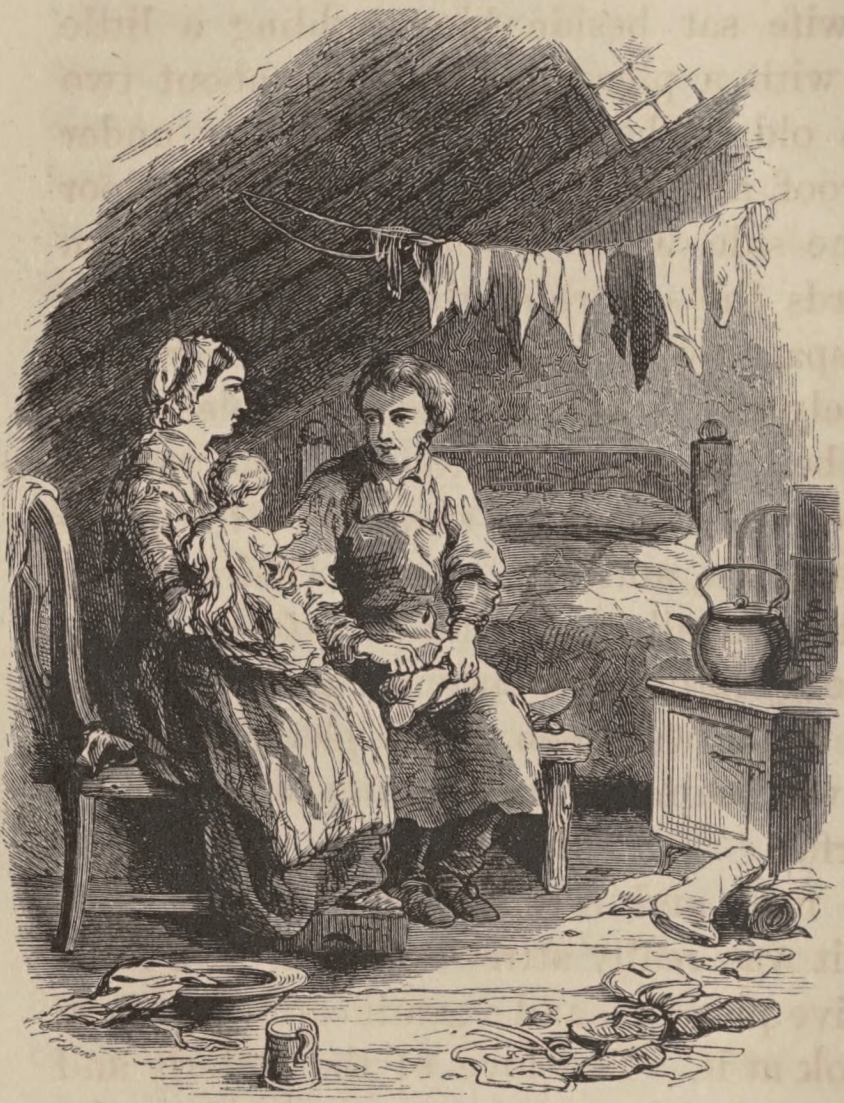
THE SCOTCHMAN'S NARRATIVE.

It may seem to some that Maria's account is the exaggerated statement of a child naturally endeavouring to make the best story of her trials. In order to ascertain from others her real condition while with the old woman, a visit was made to the former abode of Maria, in Pearl Street. It was a spacious house, and might have been in some former day the mansion of a merchant prince; its solidity, faded ornaments, and frescoed halls showing it to have been once an elegant residence. It presented one of those contrasts everywhere seen in the dwellings of the lower wards of New York, where the most costly and stylish dwellings of those who were not long since our richest citizens are now the abodes of the poorest, the most filthy, and the most degraded.

We sometimes find in one of these fine old parlours mahogany doors, beautiful marble mantels, frescoed ceilings, carved woodwork, dingy, smoked walls, patched windows, a latchless door, a miserable, dirty bed, a few broken chairs, a wash-tub, and a little cooking-stove. It is a painful but instructive contrast.

We passed up the wide stairway of this old house along three pairs of stairs to the garret. The paper was torn from the wall, which was discoloured, and peeled, and blistered by the weather. The garret was partitioned off into apartments, just under the roof. There was nothing overhead but the rafters and the shingles. In one of the apartments of this garret, in the front part of the house, towards Franklin Square, we heard the sound of a shoemaker's hammer, which told us that there was the person we came to see; for Maria had spoken of a Scotchman, a shoemaker, who had been kind to her, and who lived next door to Mrs. Dougherty.

We went in, and were welcomed by a good-looking man, about thirty-five years



His wife sat beside him holding a little girl. p. 131.

of age, seated on his kit, making a boot. He had a fine, open, expressive countenance. His wife sat beside him, holding a little girl, with a pleasing face, and about two years old. The room was directly under the roof, and the eaves reached to the floor on one side, while on the side of the room towards the centre of the house there was just space for a person to stand. There was scarcely ten feet square of available room. The bed on one side touched the rafters. There was a cooking-stove, and the shoemaker's kit, and one or two chairs, which constituted all the furniture of the room. The only light came through a scuttle in the roof, which was open, and a pleasant March sun was shining in, making every thing cheerful.

So neat and tidy was this narrow place that it was really attractive, and gave me a positive pleasure, and a gratification of taste, to look at it. The love of the orderly and the beautiful is not always confined to the rich. It may be seen in the hovels of the poor. A flower, blooming in the sunny window of a neat cottage, gives me more

pleasure than the costly frescoes of a modern parlour.

There was something about this room of the shoemaker which is only expressed by the word *home*. There was the happy and industrious father and husband, the contented and loving wife and mother, and the beloved child. There was a clock on the shelf, ticking its domestic music, and a demure cat on the bed. There were also a picture of the Saviour, and one of a highland chief, hanging on the side of the room opposite the eaves.

The wife was talking to her husband, holding the baby, and mending a stocking all at once, and doing all very well. It was a picture of domestic bliss.

The shoemaker was asked if he remembered Mrs. Dougherty.

"Yes, I do," said he; "but she's dead now."

"Did you know the little girl, Maria, who lived with her?"

"Indeed I did, sir, and as nice a little girl as you would need to know, she was. They lived right here next to me—only this board partition between us."

He was then asked of the old woman's treatment of Maria. He said—

"It was as cruel as it could be. It was so bad that I could not endure to see and hear it, and I thought of just going to some magistrate about it. I spoke to the owner, or agent, of the house, here, but he said he did not like to interfere; and all the people in this house but me were Catholics, and I was a Protestant, and could not speak to them about it."

"The poor little child was whipped every day, and generally twice, as sure as the day came around, by that wicked old woman. She was so cross nobody could live with her. One man boarded with her, but he could not stand it long. She would get the little girl up in the summer at four or five o'clock, and in the winter at six or half-past six, and send her off, without her breakfast, to Washington Market for fruit. Before she went out, she would get a beating, more or less, for something. Not a day passed without that child getting a beating once or twice. Why, I have seen the old woman whipping her down-stairs with a stick—

driving her out of doors in the coldest winter days to sell apples, when the child had nothing on her bare legs, and only an old pair of shoes on, and she only half-dressed. The poor child was crying, and saying it was too cold to go out, and the old woman beat her for saying so. She had to go out every day, and in all weathers, rain or snow. The girl never got any thing for dinner generally until she came home about four o'clock in the afternoon, and then she had to go out again and pick up wood before the old woman would give her any thing warm to eat, and two to one if she did not get a beating before she got through her dinner. The old woman always had a stick to beat her with, and she would catch up any of the wood which lay in the corner, and strike her about the shoulders.

"The poor thing would often cry out, 'For God's sake, do not kill me!' and sometimes she would get away and run down-stairs, and stay out for hours—afraid to come in. But I never knew the child to do any thing wrong, or to provoke her, and she never

would answer her back when she whipped her. The old woman almost always beat her when she came home, because she did not sell enough, or came home too soon, or her apples did not hold out, or for something or other. The old woman used to drink her brandy every day regular, and Maria often enough had to go for it. She would not get drunk, but it made her awfully cross. I've seen her drink it, and I know it was brandy.

"The poor child was worked almost to death. She was scolded and whipped, morning, noon, and night. I have sometimes been afraid she would kill the child by her abuse; and I determined, when the gentleman, the missionary, came here for Maria to go to Sunday-school, to let him know about it; and I told him I would go before a magistrate and make an affidavit. After Maria began to go to Sunday-school, there was not a Sunday morning in which she did not get a beating before she went. The old woman was always angry to have her go. But when any of the Sunday-school teachers came to see Maria, the old woman was always very pleasant, and glad to see them, and said she

was herself more than half Protestant. She was saying this to get something. She was always trying to get something from everybody, and always professing to be very poor and suffering.

"The man who came to see Maria gave her a Bible, and the old woman threw it into the coals and burnt it up. The lady Sunday-school teachers gave Maria some clothing, and the old woman burnt this up because it came from the Protestants. She pretended to be Catholic, but I don't believe she had any religion. After they took Maria away from her, she said they had taken her away to a bad house, and pretended that was all they wanted of her, and that if she could get away she would come back to her. I told her she was safe enough, I knew. She never went out to sell apples after Maria went away. She stayed home and drank her brandy, until she died, in November. She had twelve dollars in the house when she died, and ninety-four dollars in the bank. I suppose the girl made all this money. She made from three to six and seven shillings a-day. All this money her son got.

He bought a gold watch and chain, and spent all the rest, and then enlisted in the army.

"The girl did not dare to complain to any one about her treatment, because the old woman threatened to beat her if she ever spoke about it. I believe, indeed, sir, that the poor child was at times afraid of her life."

That half hour with the shoemaker, in the garret, was a pleasant one. He came to this country a few years since, as he said, "to better my condition. They told me this was a very free country, and all that, and I think it is; I wish I was back."

His statement showed that the account Maria had given of the old woman's treatment of her was not at all exaggerated. Indeed, no one could talk with her without an impression that she was a child of remarkable truthfulness and candour, even when under very great temptation to exaggerate trials which had brought her into much notice. She was always reserved in talking of the old woman; and all the information respecting her cruelty was ob-

tained by repeatedly questioning her. There was also a perfect purity of thought and delicacy about the child, which was remarkable for one exposed as she had been. Indeed, she seemed free from the ordinary faults of children.

After she came from the country, when preparing to go to England, she was for some three weeks with Miss M——, in a family with children. Her friends watched her closely with curiosity, to see what faults she had; but the lady with whom she was staying said, "I never could find any thing for which to reprove her. She was not in the least deceitful, or quarrelsome, or coarse in her habits. She was patient and very industrious, and I was surprised that such a child could be so free from faults."

We shall find no explanation of this except in her very early training and associations, the pious example and religious education she enjoyed, and the prayers of those who loved her. No parents can know the value of these things, until they have seen their children pass, unscathed, through the fiery trials of childhood and youth. There is

meaning in the promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

During the period that Maria lived with Mrs. Dougherty, until the time that she was taken to the Sunday-school, she seems not to have been under the least religious influence or instruction of any kind. She never heard a prayer, never entered a church, never read a book, during the whole time. She hardly heard a voice of kindness. The language to which she was accustomed was the ribaldry of the streets, or the taunts and rebukes of the petulant old woman.

We have thus given a brief sketch of "The Candy-girl's" experiences as the little emigrant, the orphan in the hospital, the wanderer in the streets, the dweller in the garret and in the cellar, the child of poverty and sickness, of loneliness, and almost of despair. Yet how much of sadness and mourning was there deep in the heart of that little orphan child, which she can never tell, which none but God could see; and yet how bright and true she came out from all these trials and

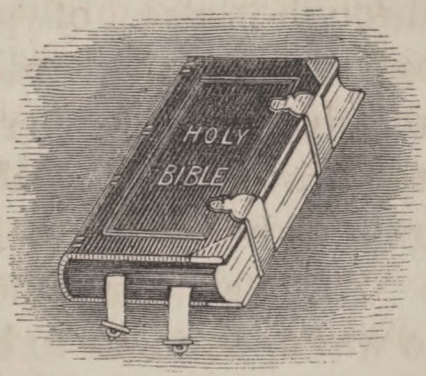
temptations—a wonderful example of God's preserving grace and covenant mercy! "The Lord is thy keeper." "The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand." "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil." "He shall preserve thy soul." "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore."

How faithfully were these promises fulfilled to Maria! She was exposed to dangers and temptations by day and night. Her soul was in danger. Her religious views were assaulted, yet the Lord preserved her. It was the teaching of her grandmother, and the reading of the Bible, that were the means of preventing her from error and sin. No child can read this Bible too early, or commit to memory too much of it. No parent should undervalue the holy word as a means of guarding and restraining their children in after life.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" "By taking heed thereto according to thy word." "Thy word is a

lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"The entrance of thy word giveth light. It giveth understanding unto the *simple*."



CHAPTER IX.

HOME! SWEET HOME!

Our little wanderer was now about to return to her native shores, to the only home she had ever known. That same hand that had led her over the ocean to this land, which had so mysteriously guided her youthful steps through scenes of poverty and wretchedness, which had guarded her from pestilence and sin, and raised her up from the borders of the grave, was now about to lead her back again to her old home, even while yet a child. After all her wanderings and sorrows, she was once more to hear the soft accents of love, and once more to be folded in the arms of parental affection.

She was to sail in the London packet called "American Congress." The owners of the line generously offered to carry her for nothing, but her grandfather had forwarded sufficient funds to pay her fare. She was to

cross the ocean alone, without a protector, but she said she was not at all afraid to go.

Wishing to enlist the sympathy of the captain, we went as a friend of Maria' to see him, and told him an orphan child was to be committed to his care, and gave him a little of her history. His generous heart warmed, his eye kindled, and we saw he was the man to be her protector. He was told that if on his arrival her friends were not waiting for her, it would be unsafe for her to be left alone in London as she had been on her arrival in New York. He stretched himself up, and his weather-beaten face grew darker, as if indignant at the suggestion: "Never mention it, never mention it, sir," said he; "I am a father myself. I'll not leave the poor girl until I see her safe with that old grandmother. I'll go down to Kent with her myself. I want to see those English farmers—they are some of the nicest people in the world. I'll take care of her as if she was my own daughter —never fear me for that."

The ship was to sail on Tuesday, the 9th

of January. On the day before, Captain W—— called on Miss M——, with whom Maria was staying. He wanted to see the child. He said he could not sail until Thursday.

The delay was a great trial to Maria. She was anxious to go, but did not complain. Yet it was evident this one subject engrossed her whole heart. Poor child! it was no wonder;—with all the memories of her early childhood and her happy home thronging her mind, in strange contrast with the scenes of want and suffering from which she had just emerged.

On Thursday it stormed hard, and she was again doomed to disappointment. The ship could not sail till Friday. The trunk which had been so well packed had been waiting in the hall for three or four days. That little black trunk was a great affair to her. It was her's—full of her things, and she had a memorandum of every article in it. Yet still little presents of books kept coming in with all sorts of kind words on the blank leaf, and each of them found room in that little trunk, and each brought a happy

smile to Maria's face. She said she should read them all when she got to England.

On Friday morning Maria seemed happy as a bird. Our last hours with her were affecting. She had by her gentleness and truthfulness greatly attached all her friends to her. We felt that we were parting with her for years—perhaps forever—or until we should meet beyond the shores of time. The ship was to sail at noon. As we talked to her about meeting her grandfather and grandmother, and of seeing Old England again, her face was radiant with excitement and smiles. Her heart was full of it, so full that it was painful to divert her thoughts to other subjects. She had her bonnet on at ten, and the hour from ten to eleven was a long one.

A few moments before we started for the ship, the family and a large number of Maria's friends gathered in the parlour, and we opened the Bible, and read from Psalm xci. about that God who is our refuge, our fortress, and our habitation, so that no evil will befall us; who will give his angels charge over us to keep us in all our ways, even upon

the mighty deep. And we also read from Psalm cvii. of Him who commandeth and raiseth the stormy winds, which lifteth up the waves thereof—who maketh a storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still, and who also setteth the poor on high from affliction. We then kneeled in prayer, and committed Maria to the safe-keeping of that God whose protecting hand had shielded her childhood amid the depravities and dangers of this great city. We prayed for her aged grandparents, and for a joyous meeting with them, and especially that the Saviour would make her one of the lambs of his flock. There were present the friend who had first rescued her from the streets; the lady who had visited her in the wretched garret and taken her to Sunday-school; and many friends of the family, too, with whom she was staying. All felt that she was a child of God's special providence, and that He would care for her still.

The time had now come to leave for the ship, and the carriage was waiting. Maria was to go with Mr. C—— and another person. Miss M—— did not intend to go. Maria then

bade each person farewell, except Miss M——, who had gone into the hall. When Maria came to Miss M——, she put her arms around her, and burst into tears, saying, "Oh, I wish *you* would go down with me." The appeal could not be resisted, and Miss M——, with another lady, and the two gentlemen, accompanied her to the ship, lying off Peck Slip. As they were leaving the house, one of the party asked Maria if there was any one place she would like to see before leaving New York. She thought for a moment, and said,

"I was thinking I would like once more to see the old church."

"You shall see it, by all means," said her friend, "and the very spot where Mr. C—— found you on New Year's morning."

The driver was directed to go through Park Row, and down Beekman Street, to the dock. As she passed that venerable church, she looked out of the window and took her farewell of it.

How many weary days, months, and even years, had she passed it in her toil! Yet it was a BETH-EL to her. She was on this very

spot when the first faint ray of hope dawned on her dark path. On this corner of the streets she had offered many a feeble prayer while devout worshippers within listened to the voice of earnest eloquence. Both, we trust, were heard in heaven!

The two ladies and Mr. C—— were to go down to the Hook on board the vessel with Maria. She seemed most to feel the reality of parting when she came on board the ship, and went into the little dark cabin and smaller state-room. As the lady began to take out some necessary things from her trunk and to put them into her state-room, the tears were filling her eyes; but she repressed them. She now began to feel that she was really going, and going alone. But she was not to go quite alone. Mr. and Mrs. P——, from Virginia, were also passengers. Mrs. P—— was a young married lady. Maria was introduced to her, and enough of her history was told to awaken at once an interest in the child. Mrs. P—— took her on her lap, and said, "We will be nice friends, won't we?" Her sympathy at once won the child. They were friends, and Maria seemed happy

again. A steamer towed the ship down the harbour to the Hook.

Years before, she had come up that beautiful bay, and with hope and joy beheld the city. Now, with more hope and joy, she was bidding it farewell. How like a dream the scenes of life must have passed before her! —long years filled up with sickness, mourning, sorrow, want, toil, and despair. But they are all passed! The tempest is over. The dark rolling clouds are breaking up. The sunlight is streaming forth upon the mountains and valleys, all greener and fresher for the passing shower, while millions of glittering drops sparkle on every leaf and blade of grass, and all nature smiles with seeming gratitude. Maria is homeward bound, and she is happy.

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside.

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest—
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

"Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home."

Captain W—— must now become the biographer. He says: "The passage was long and severe. We were over forty-five days out, and arrived in the latter part of February. I had a good opportunity of seeing Maria. She was cheerful, gentle, and affectionate, and her manners were remarkably good for a child of her opportunities. I never saw any thing wrong in the child during the whole passage. When we arrived at Gravesend, Maria and myself left the ship, and went up to London by railroad. And after I had finished my Custom-house business, and we had dined, (for you know we sailors don't live without eating,) we started, about four o'clock in the afternoon, on the South-eastern Railway, for Sellinge, in Kent. We found that we could not get within nine miles of Sellinge, that night.

When we arrived at Ashford, I procured a private conveyance to take us to Mr. Cheeseman's. It was dark and cold, and Maria said little. As we drove on, we made inquiries for Mr. Cheeseman's house; and when, as I supposed, we were near to the house, I asked Maria if she would know the

farm. She said she thought she could remember it; that it was a large square house, with a garden around it. We now examined every house as we passed it, till, at last, Maria cried out, 'There it is! that's it!'

"We got out of the carriage and went into a large front yard, and found a man there with a lantern, who told us it was Mr. Cheeseman's house. We went in at a side door, which opened into an entry leading to a front room. And as we opened it, an elderly woman, tall and thin, but very active, was passing through the entry, with a light in her hand. Maria sprang forward, crying,

"'Oh, grandmother!'

"And the old lady received her in her arms, and exclaimed,

"'Why, Maria, my dear child, is it you?'

"In a moment, they passed from the entry into a front room, and Maria rushed up to a stout, grey-headed man, in small-clothes, with long stockings and knee-buckles, sitting in an arm-chair, saying,

"'Oh, grandfather!'

"And the old man started up, opened his arms, and clasped her to his bosom, sobbing,

"'My child! My child! My lost child!'

"And he bowed his head upon her shoulder, and they both wept together.

"After the first rapture of meeting, Maria sat down between the old folks; and then they looked at her in a sort of amazement. But the old lady could not keep her hands off, but took hold of Maria, and, looking earnestly in her face, said,

"'She is like her mother! She is like her!' and then there was silence."

Who can tell the joy and sorrow of these moments?

"Life has moments bright as brief,
When the bliss of years,
Pressed into one golden drop,
Sparkles and exhales in tears.
Such the hour—so passing sweet—
When true hearts, long severed, meet.

"Life has seasons when an hour
Lengthens to an age of woe;
When the stream of time sweeps on
Silently, and dark, and slow.
Such the hour—so dark, so lone—
When the loved are dead and gone."

"After this scene of meeting was fairly over," continues the captain, "the old lady began herself to get us a supper, and if I had been a prince, I could not have been treated better. She was very smart, and went about the house like a girl of fifteen. She put upon the table every thing the house afforded. After tea, we talked till bed-time, and the burden of the conversation was the surprising fact that entire strangers should have cared and laboured for the deliverance of their grandchild. They could not understand it. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. C—— and Miss M——, Maria's first and latest friends. Their friendship for her was a great wonder to them, and they seemed overcome with gratitude. They were working farmers, 'and,' said the old lady, 'thank God, we are very comfortably off. I do my own work, although I am seventy-three years old; and now I have Maria to help me, we shall get along very nicely. I can teach her as I used to, and she will stay with us, and be a comfort in our old age.'

"When bed-time came, Maria, after kissing

her grandfather good-night, went up stairs with Mrs. Cheeseman. It was the room which, five or six years before, she occupied."

Is it too much to suppose that they kneeled together again at the foot of that little bed, and once more prayed to the God of the fatherless, who had never forsaken the little pilgrim? And how sincere must have been the praise and gratitude arising from those two hearts—the aged and the young! On this very spot, years before, the one had taught the other to lisp the words of prayer, —the same prayer which a thousand times in after years, in sorrow and sickness, in the cellar and garret, in the hospital and in the streets—had gone up from her young and burdened heart to her Saviour and her God, and had been heard and answered in heaven, his holy dwelling-place.

But we must leave the little candy-girl to-night, and let her go to sleep, after the good old grandmother embraces her tenderly and kisses her good-night.

We may be sure that our returned wan-

derer was up in good season the next morning, as the first rays of the sun darted cheerfully into her bed-room. And her heart must have throbbed with emotion as she opened her window for the fresh morning air, and looked out upon those familiar old trees overhanging the street—upon the houses in the distance—upon old Barrow Hill, bathed in the morning sunlight—upon the meadows where the green grass was just ready to spring up, with that quiet little river running through them, its glittering surface unbroken except where the budding willows drooped lovingly on it.

How familiar each object, and yet how strange! How the whole scene calls back other days! How like an old friend every object appears, and seems to welcome her return! "It is my home! my own dear home!" her heart whispers.

Captain W—— says that, after breakfast, the old lady sat down and talked with him about Maria, and told him that they often heard from her and her mother before her mother's death, but that since then they had lost all trace of her; that they wished

to have her return to England, and they employed a friend of their's to look her up, but they never could find her or hear of her, and that at last they gave her up as dead or lost.

"'And now,' said the old lady, 'we shall be happy. Maria can live with us now we are getting old. Maria's mother was not my own daughter: she was my step-daughter; but I have loved her as much as if she were my own child. I have no children of my own, but I have made Mr. Cheeseman's children mine, and I have tried to be a good mother to them.'

"When Mrs. Cheeseman and Maria went out to clear away the breakfast things, I took occasion to say—

"'Mr. Cheeseman, I have got some money for you.'

"'Money for me! What does that mean?'

"'Why, sir, you sent out twenty-five pounds to fit out Maria for home and to pay her passage, and her friends in New York have, after paying all her expenses, sent back by me twenty-eight dollars, which they

directed me to pay to you, and here it is in American gold."

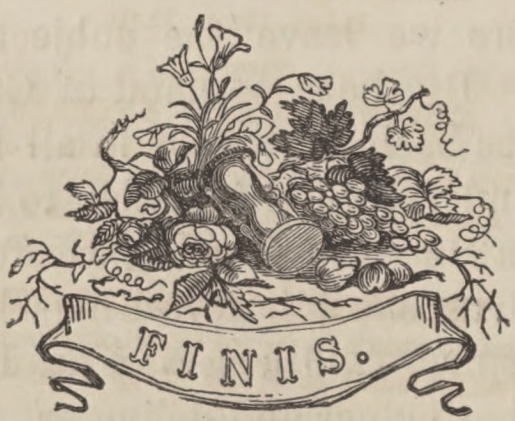
A long parley ensued, and the old man proposed several ways of disposing of the money which he absolutely refused to keep. It was at length determined that it should be sent back to New York, to be deposited with Miss M——, Maria's early friend, for benevolent purposes. This was done, and the amount was divided between the "Home" and the two Sunday-schools in which the poor child had received shelter and instruction.

And here we leave the subject of our narrative. By the good hand of God upon her, she has been preserved in all her wanderings, and returned in safety to her relatives and a comfortable and peaceful home, where we trust she will devote herself—body, soul and spirit—to the service of Him who has been her helper and deliverer.

The history of her childhood is a beautiful and impressive illustration of the guiding and protecting providence of God, and a most emphatic testimony to the value of those institutions of benevolence which af-

ford sympathy to the suffering, protection to the friendless, and instruction to the ignorant.

May they be multiplied a hundred-fold, and never lack the means of accomplishing their beneficent ends!



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